

THE
Preaching-Weathercock:

A
Paradox

Proving Mr. W — R — dson

(Lately a Dissenting Minister, and now a Presbiter
of the Church of *England*)

Will CANT, RECANT, and RE-RECANT, till (to prove
he is no Schismatick) he has set his Religion and Con-
science to all the Points of the Compass: Fairly argued
from — *The Secret History of his Life, Conversation and
Doctrines* — Whilst (tho' a Presbyterian) he stickled
hard to be chose Pastor to an Independent Congregation
in *Moorfields*; — Or, a Letter to that *Universal Turncoat*,
concerning his so often changing his Religion.

*Mens Judgments vary as their Interests do, as if a Weathercock
should Preach from the Top of a Steeple — Mr. Alsop's
Mischief of Impositions.*

Three Times already I have turn'd my Coat;
Three Times already I have chang'd my Note:
I'll make it Four, and Four, and Twenty more,
And turn the Compass round e're I'll give o're.
Among the Doctors I can get no room
'Till I recant; that is my shameful Doom.
Hang Shame, I'll do it, and my Ends to gain,
I'll Cant, Recant, and Re-recant again. — Dr. Wild.

The whole Compleating the *Weathercock-Paradox* in III Parts.

Written by *John Dunton*, a true and constant Son of the
Church of *England*, without Respect to Parties, and Au-
thor of those Two Answers to *Dean Kennet*, and *Dr.
Sacheverel*, intituled — *The Bull-baiting*, — and *Hazard
of a Death-Bed-Repentance*.

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THE PREFACE.

T *Would make any Man, right in his Senses wonder, that so many Members of our English Nation, should suffer themselves to be debauched by a Rampant Tory Puliteer; I mean that recorded Criminal, who fired his Passive Serpent in St. Paul's, and afterwards ran thro' several Counties, gadding for the Praise of his Cursed Entertainment.*

Many honest British Hearts, have joyned to damn that Cause, who with many a Thousand more, stand ready to chastise the impudent Affronters of Her Majesty's Person, as well as to maintain, Her ruling Privileges in Opposition to Her open and disguised Enemies.

The Church of Christ (under the Defence of British Laws) I ever highly value, but Solomon's Foxes which spoil the Vines, who can forbid a Trap to catch them?

Religion (that celestial Plant) abstracted from the fulsome Trincts of Romish Superstition, is a serious Concern, I may say too sacred, to admit the vile Prostitution it meets with, from Persons of abandoned Principles, in Places of publick Congress.

*I have sometimes blush'd to hear and see Men of Distinction, like so many case-hardned Sinners) scoffingly descant upon God's Holy Word, and frame Attempts, whereby to father Inconsistency upon his blessed never erring Spirit, nor can I at all wonder to find Men in league with Sin and the Devil, framing Expressions so full of Atheism, when a Person of so high a Sanction as * Ropers Dr. can drop his Principle at will, and change Religion into that Shape, which will bring the highest Penny.*

As to the Motives of this Enterprize, they rise higher than bareness to gratifie a scribbling Humour.

All those whose Patience has submitted to a thorough reading of his Recantation Sermon, will readily observe the harsh Treatment his Catholick Charity, allows Dissenters: But that † Spurious Brat father'd upon him (if his own expressions may have Credit) by a long rob'd Tory, the real Author, for any thing I know, betrays the Jealousy he has of a Bastard Child by his too virtuous Wife.

*. W — m R — n. † White Chappel Sermon.

The Preface.

This is but a modest Hint, at one of the many Impertinencies, our Divine abounds with.

Besides, good Information assures me, that we shall get no credit by entertaining such a Piece of Inconsistency in our Church, who has never been able long in Religion, to support the same Foundation, * nor scarce Truth in the same Story for twice telling.

I have endeavour'd with the Temper of a right true Son of the Church, to represent this Linsey-woolsey Doctor, (being in Charity with his Person, but no Friend to his Actions) as a Weathercock.

Should any quarrel with me for the honest Freedoms I have us'd, either in the Title or my Book; in justice to my self, I ask Are not Weathercocks established for view, and that People from the Views they take of them may make Remarks? Why then must he, (a poor thinking one) escape the common Design?

What ever Notion he may form about the Matter, I think it a great Honour to his wisest Measures, that a Man of Lay Abilities, can trace the Steps of his Ascent to where you find him.

Dissenter first, a Presbyterian true:

Next Independent, yet that wou'd not do.

Among the Baptists he wou'd fain have crept.

And now at last into Establishment is leap'd.

Where I'm in Hopes his Conscience may refine;

The Man grow good, or cease to claim Divine.

I propose Use in my Performance.

1. To the Dissenters, (for whom I profess a peculiar Esteem looking upon them to be as good as the best Friends to Her Majesty, and as firm Allies to our Protestant Church Enemies to Conscience to the Pope the Devil and the Pretender) in shewing their Loss of such a Man, highly creditable to them, and the Profession.

2. To Men of any Moderation in the Communion of our established Church, where I claim a Room for my self, to keep them from being buoy'd up with the Thoughts of a Convert, until they see him set his Ebenezer in the Way of Changes, and hear him say,

Four whisking Strides my nimble Conscience took,

when I bounce next, 'twill quite out go your Look:

Feed me with Coyn, I'll ne'er forsake you then;

Unless you do't I must recant yet once again.

3. I miss my Aim intirely, if his Reverendship, spare no Advantage, for as he never was (that I can hear of) overstock'd with Prudence, any more than Learning: I wou'd urge it, that he wou'd either preach Genuin Sermons for the future, or conceal the Secret that he borrows them.

And if he needs must rail, I wou'd have him forbear his Bitterness and not make them the Butt of his Indignation; but rather try what

* For what Reasons was he dismiss'd from Ramsey

The Preface.

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he can do towards cleansing the Streets with a Broom of Reformation, of a Kind of Vermin, that seems to swarm about them.

I wish the Creature well, and that he may grow steadfast, and suffer himself no more, to turn round Weathercock-like, upon Pretence of Need; in which if he shall oblige me, I make no Doubt all Parties will own themselves well pleas'd, and I shall Gain my End.

Reader, — I am not Ignorant, that whoever concerns himself with the present Enemies of the Church (for such I reckon all Turncoats and High-Flyers) puts his Hand into a Nest of Hornets, and had need to be well guarded both with Law and Innocence, if he hopes to 'scape their Stings; but these FURIES I rather challenge than fear: As my chief Design in writing the following Paradox, was to satisfy the Importunities of my own Mind, by discharging that Duty which I owe to the Church my Mother, (I need not say this or that Church, if I am sound in the main Points) and that Justice I owe to Dissenters (as my Fellow-Subjects, and Fellow-Christians (a). I own the Knowledge I have of the Disproportion there is betwixt the Design and the Undertaker, might well have discourag'd me from the Enterprize, if I had not remembred, that once a contemptible Sling, and ordinary Pebble prostrated the prodigious Man of Gath, (b) and overthrew an Army, not less furious and insolent than that Mighty Bubble with whom I shall now encounter: And therefore as I have had greater Opportunitys of detecting the secret Life, Conversation and Doctrines of the late Recanter in White-Chappel, than other Men, I thought it my Duty to make these Discoveries publick, not only as they vindicate the whole Body of Dissenters, by proving W — m R — son a meer Preaching-Weathercock, but as they fully convince both his old Friends and his new, that every Change he makes in Religion, is a new Act of Hypocrisy; so that the White-Chappel Convert, is like a Piece of Hebrew, spel'd backward, (or the Emblem of Deceit) for he has row'd one way and look'd another, throughout the whole Course of his Life.

A Man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome;
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Is every thing by Starts, and nothing long
The Weathercock, scarce turns so oft as he,
Constant in nothing but Inconstancy.

(a) So call'd by the Present Parliament in their first Address to Her Majesty.

(b) 1 Sam. 17. 49, 50, 51.

For

For in the Course of one revolving Moon,
 He's Souldier, Parson, Turncoat, and Buffoon.
 Now *Whig*, then all for *Tories*, Railing, Drinking,
 Besides Ten Thousand Freaks that die in thinking :
 Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ,
 In something new to wish, or to enjoy.

This is the true Character of Will—R—dson, both whilst he was a Dissenting Minister and since his Conformity, and therefore (if it be no Schism to do Dissenters right) I resolve to set their Turncoat Enemy in a true Light ; and to that End, tho' neither Churchman nor Dissenter has hir'd me to draw his Picture, (for my Estate, Education, and Temper of Mind, lets me above writing for Bread, and for my Misfortunes, they'll all vanish with the Rising-Sun) yet all Parties amongst us, have sent to me some Secret or other concerning Canonical WILL, in order to turn the Weathercock quite round; not but I heartily wish that all the Subjects in her Majesty's Dominions (whether they be Churchmen or Dissenters) were of a kind Spirit, and Peaceable Deportment towards each other, and that every one were dispossess'd of a Censorious Devil; but to publish plain Matter of Fact, of such a Turncoat and false Accuser as Will—R—dson, I think is doing Service to the Church, and Justice to the Dissenters at the same Time; and for that Reason were I now dying, I'd bid my Executor publish — The Preaching Weathercock — as soon as my Eyes were clos'd, for there's as little Falshood in it (if I may believe those WORTHY PERSONS who first gave me the Memoirs, read 'em over as they went to the Press, and are ready to witness 'em as here printed) as I would wish to pronounce with my last Breath, and therefore I shall not much concern my self, whether my PARADOX be grateful or ingrateful to the Reader, seeing its compos'd of Truth; it is the Case of Truth to be oppos'd, but to prevail; of Error, tho' defended, to be vanquish'd; and of the Preaching Weathercock, first or last to be prov'd a Hippocrite; which made Mr. Baxter say,

1.

That none are worse than Learned Reverend Fools,
 Who vend their Folly under Wisdom's Name,
 And are Abaddon's keenest hurtful Tools,
 By usurp'd Grandeur, and Religious Fame.

2.

Who teach untruths, or live not as they teach;
 Pretend to watch for other Mens Salvation,
 And hate the holy Life for which they preach,
 And as a Trade, preach their own Condemnation.

This

The Preface.

This is the Character Mr. Baxter gives of the Preaching Weathercock, and I think 'tis plain from the Words of that truly pious and learned Divine, that the Turncoat Parson is so full of his Windings and Turnings, to this Side and that Side (that is, proves such a cunning Hypocrite) as one knows not where to have him, forgetting (in the mean Time) that Ill Causes cannot but be ill maintained; they may look like true, but that is ART which cannot change NATURE, and therefore all the Discoveries in this Book, are publish'd with awful Apprehensions of the severe Inspection of God's All-seeing Eye, for I would not willfully and wittingly send Abroad Falshood to travel in the World; neither wou'd I deceive, or vary from Verity in the most minute Circumstance; and I here challenge our PROTEUS DOCTOR to prove the contrary; but if I have been impos'd upon in any thing that relates to him (as I'm very sure I am not) yet I hope I shall be pardon'd by the candid Reader, but more especially by FICKLE WILLIAM, for as much as I have said nothing of his — Weathercock-Life — but what I'm ready to prove, or willing publickly to retract (in the second Edition of this Book) if he can prove he has been wrong'd in any one Instance, which he'll never be able to do, and therefore all — THE VINDICATION — the World must expect from him is to say, that — DUNTON is MAD — (as was said of Mr. Bisset, for writing The Modern Fanatick, and will be said of any Man that has Courage and Honesty enough to call A SPADE, A SPADE) but how far that Charge is true, (with respect to me) I'll leave to the full Proof of my Accusations, if he dares give me a Publick Interview; and in the mean Time, I desire the unprejudic'd Reader to judge how far I have the right and free Use of my Reason, by his serious Perusal of the Three Parts of my Preaching Weathercock, of which this is the first Part, and the rest, (intituled The True Churchman — Orthodox Fanatick — Mystical Bedlam, or Character of such Madmen, as have yet their Religion to chuse) shall be publish'd as soon as possible, with a distinct Preface to each.

So that now, Reader, having been thus long in the Porch, your next Step is into my House, and I hope to your ENTERTAINMENT, for the Wind of Preferment blowing East, West, North, and South, the Preaching Weathercock is now turning round; or in plainer English, I'm going to prove that the whole Life, Conversation and Doctrines of Will R — son, has been steer'd by a Weathercock-Compass of Thirty two Points, of which the governing Points are Avarice (or changing of Sides for the Sake of Preferment) — and down right Prophaness. — Yes, Reader,

*If all be true which R — dson has said,
He begg'd to be a Priest, to get some Bread:
He's now a Priest, and yet I really think,
E'er long he'll want not only Bread, but Drink.*

He

He ne'er to Thought nor Meaning made Pretence,
And his Estate is equal to his Sense.
 His want of Wit so much does raise his Zeal,
 That he to JACKS, as unto Saints does kneel:
 He was converted by th' *White C—P—*, (Feast:
 Sure 'twas with Punch and Brandy at some drunken
Bles'd Convert! sure, and fit to be the T—l
 To work the Ends of such a Railing F—l.
Extreams, both in a Circle set their Feet,
 And tho' contrary go, at last must meet,
 For Will— from *Independent*, now's turn'd *Jacobite*. }
 He's a *meer Turncoat*, without Wit or Art,
 He wou'd but cannot act the *Plotting Part*:
 He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
 (*The solid harden'd Armour of a Fool*).
 Well might himself to Pillories expose,
 Who (come what will) yet has no Brains to lose:
 But WILLS too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd:
 I'll say but this, he'll Cant, and Re-recant,
 (*For when was Turncoat Priest a real Saint!*)
 When under Cloaks and Cassocks there shall lie
 Nothing but Faith and sound Divinity:
 Then shall the *Golden Age* once more be seen,
 Then Heaven and Earth shall sing, — *God save the Queen.*

And now, READER, having taken this Rhiming Step, you're
 enter'd into my little House, where I'll make you as merry and
 welcome as Lovers at a Funke; and the first Dish I present you
 with is, — THE PREACHING-WEATHERCOCK.

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Preaching Weathercock, &c.

PART. I.

In a Letter to Mr. William R——dson, lately a Dissenting Preacher in Pinmakers-Hall, and St. John Clarkenwell, LONDON; but now CANONICALLY ORDAIN'D a Presbyter of the Church of ENGLAND.

S I R,

AS every Man's Salvation is his principal Concern, and ought to be the chief End of all his Undertakings, so no Action whatsoever can be justly liable to Censure, that is either founded on that Motive, or even tends to that Design: Then it is very unreasonable to call him *Turncoat, Preaching-Weathercock, Vicar of Bray, Changeling*, and I know not what Proteus Names, that shall CHANGE his Sentiments of Religion (and publish his RECANTATION, as you did) provided that he acts directly upon truly *Christian Motives*, according to a real Apprehension of the Truth, and a serious Conviction of the Conscience: The only thing that in this Case is liable to Censure, being a base Compliance with the Thoughts of other Men, or a CHANGE of the True Religion upon false Inducements; since neither God nor Man can be secure of his Fidelity, whom worldly Interest can bribe to act against his Conscience, which (Mr. R——dson) is your Case, and for that Reason I here call you——*The Preaching Weathercock*:—— And that not only as you have *turn'd your Coat*, for the sake of Preferment, but as you are no STAR, but a COMET, that can blaze but a little while in any Church, because never yet fix'd in any Religion: But, Sir, considering your GROSS IGNORANCE (for 'tis own'd by all Parties, you're very indifferently furnish'd in your upper Room) 'twill be necessary that I first discover to you, — *The Rise of that Inconstancy that makes*—— A PREACHING WEATHERCOCK—— That I next give a Character of such a Reverend TURNCOAT—— And that I then descend to Particulars, and ex-
B emplify

The Preaching Weathercock.

emply the Character of a PREACHING WEATHERCOCK, in the Secret History of the Life, Conversation and Doctrines of Will—R—dson.

First, As to the Rise of that Inconstancy that makes a Turncoat, or Preaching Weathercock; take it in this Fable.

INCONSTANCY, (the Wind that makes and turns the Preaching Weathercock) exil'd for ever from the Palace of Eternity, came upon Earth as the Place of her Inheritance, and wou'd needs there cause her self to be painted; it was plainly told her, there was no Pencil so bold which durst undertake this Work, notwithstanding she might address her self to TIME, who was an Excellent Workman; TIME, after he had ey'd and observ'd this Inconstancy, resolv'd to paint her, and at that Season, finding no Table primed for his Purpose, he painted it on MAN; had INCONSTANCY apply'd her self to me as she did to TIME, the late Recanter in White-Chappel should have been the very Man on which I wou'd have drawn Inconstancy, for his Conscience resembles a Cloud in the Rainbow, in receiving the Impression of all Colours; so that here or no where TIME and the DEVIL too, have been at work to mix their Colours to paint Inconstancy; or in plainer Words, to draw the true Features of that Wonder (I was going to say Monster) in Nature,—The PREACHING WEATHERCOCK.

It was not an unpleasant Conceit of the PAINTER, who undertaking to draw the Inhabitants of all Countries in their several Garbs or Habits, when he came to dress the Englishman, being sensible of his INCONSTANCY, as to his Apparel, and that he cou'd not so quickly draw him in any Dress, but he wou'd be as quickly out of it, both to avoid the Inconveniencies, and represent his Fickleness, Painted a Taylor by him with his Sissars, and all other Materials ready to cut him out what Fashion he pleas'd; were I to draw a Man of all Religions in the World, I cou'd not draw by a more fickle Pattern than Will—R—dson, lately a Dissenting Minister, and now a Presbyter of the Church of England: For who so proper to draw a UNIVERSAL TURNCOAT by as Canonical Will, who will Cant, Recant, and Re-recant, till (to prove you are no Schismatick) you have set your Religion and Conscience to all the Points in the Compass: And I judge no Man will deny this, that considers every Breath of Wind (or new Hint of Preferment) fans you to a various Shape; as if your Mind were so near a kin to Air, as it must (Weathercock-like) with every Motion, be in a perpetual Change; or, Sir Fickle, if you doubt this, having discovered to you, the Rise of that Inconstancy that makes and turns the Preaching Weathercock; I shall next present you with the Character of a Preaching Weathercock.

The

The Preaching Weathercock.

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The Character of a PREACHING WEATHERCOCK.

THe Preaching Weathercock (or Reverend Turncoat) is a Clergy-man that is always in Fashion, tho' Time puts on new Cloaths every Day. He is divided from none more than himself. He is a Spawn of Janus, who prefac'd his old Visage with a new Mode, according to the Season of the Year; or as some wou'd have it, shifted his Countenance against Quarter-Day. If I would speak him fully I must weathercock my Phrase to wait upon the unconstant Wind: He writes and Preaches Round to all the Points of the Compass; I say — **ROUND** — for he that deserts an old and tryed Friend at his **DEAD-LIFT** (or for the Poor Sum of Fifty Pounds, when he had readily serv'd him in Five Hundred) or abandons the Dissenters, by whom he was Educated, is so harden'd in vile Avarice, Play-house Impudence, and black Ingratitude, that he may now turn to any Religion without Scruple: If any Fickle Levite is here pleas'd to wince, I'll **FULLY** prove him that Base, Guilty Turncoat. I here describe; but at present these **HINTS** are enough to prove, that Weathercock Priests are False and Ungrateful, and will Write and Preach any Thing.

They'll try to prove the Moon a Groaning Cheese,
Or any Thing, if you'll but give 'em Fees;
WHORES they'll prove chaste, and THEFT a pious thing,
If they leave Gold to sanctify the Sin.
Speak well of BALCH (a) ne'er let your Malice reek,
They'll make him Saint, let but his Angels speak:
Nay, Turncoat-Priests so Courteous are and Civil,
Pay for the Speech, and they shall Praise the Devil.

And yet (if he's a Right Preaching Weathercock) what he but just now applauded, he strait snarles at, and with Rigour condemns, and wears not the same Face (in Religion or Politicks) this Hour as he did the last. He hath Troops of Propositions always at command, and so many Yokes of Distinctions, as to make good (in his own Conceit that is) whatsoever he hath Preach'd, be it never so bad; so that the Preaching Weathercock is a **MAN OF ART**, that can do and undo, prove and disprove, the same Thing; to name him **PROTEUS**, is too much to hallow him, for he Turncoats himself, facing the ancient Matter with a new fashion'd Shape, which flatly falls out with the former: **A**

(a) This Balch liv'd in Spittle-Fields, and died that Minute he was signing a Warrant for that truly Charitable and Famous Divine Dr. Samuel Annesley, my reverend and ever honoured Father-in-Law.

B 2

Babel

The Preaching Weathercock.

Babel of Religions lie grip'd up in his Fickle Reverendship, and yet his Judgment and Conscience are great Separatists one from another; what the one approves of, the other, by a Reflect Act, in greatest Detestation banish back again; in which he affronts the Intention of the Almighty, who hath plac'd a rectify'd Intellect in the Fore-front of the Soul to guide the underlin Faculties in their Actions; but why talk I of a rectify'd Judgment in him, who is from Heaven curs'd with its contrary.

He is a Sort of a Preaching Fidler (as well as a Preaching Weathercock) for he is always playing on the Strings of the State (Non-Resistance and Passive Obedience) which he screws up to a great Height, and wou'd stretch beyond the Gamut; and for that Reason some call him A HIGH FLYER, tho' I think very improperly, for I know no High Church but the Church of Rome; and for that Reason The Preaching Weathercock calls himself — HIGH CHURCH — as he intends (wou'd THE PRTEENDER come) to kiss his Hand, and (if possible) to be his Father Confessor; so that shew me a High Flyer, and I'll shew you — A PREACHING WEATHERCOCK — or at least one that is popishly affected, for that Man that (like Will R——dson) can change his Religion for Interest may turn to the Pope, the Turk, the Devil, or any Thing, and I wish I cou'd say, Canonical Will — was the only Turncoat Clergyman that disgrac'd the Gown and Pulpit by — High-Flying — But alas! alas! he has several Tantivy Brothers, who sometimes put on the Shape of an Angel of Loyalty, and the very Genius it self of the Church of England, but are never in Practice what they pretend to be in Opinion, for the Preaching Weathercock, is one that rails in the Pulpit, and plots out of it; that reviles Dissenters for not coming to Church, and yet (like Will R——dson) speaks false Divinity with his Conversation, as if he thought to go to Heaven some other Way than what he teaches the People: And which is yet worse, he is leud and censorious; a meer S—ll, H—us, or R——dson, (that is a meer INCENDIARY) a Wolfe in Sheeps cloathing; a Profest Enemy to Church and State, hid under Canonical Vestments, that with more Ease and less Suspicion he might tempt her Majesty's Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and increase the Number of a peevish disaffected and ungovernable Faction.

In a Word — the Preaching Weathercock acts so contrary to all the pious and modest Part of Mankind, in his Words, Sermons and Recantations, that one wou'd think him begot, or at least born backwards, or in plainer Words, that his Mother had brought forth a Spurious Off-spring of Retrograding Animals; for to conclude his Character,

See how the Trembling Weathercock can find
No settled Place, but turns with every Wind;

The Preaching Weathercock

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If blustering Zephir blows and gives a Check,
 How soon's this COCK made pliant to his Beck?
 If Boreas gets the Day, 'twill change its Side,
 And turn in spite of bragging Zephir's Pride:
 Thus Turncoat Parsons turn at every Sound,
 They'll Cant, Re-cant, for Gold can turn 'em round:
 Their Conscience and Religion is not Nice,
 But turns to every POINT and every Vice:
 There's Thirty Points by which the Sailors go,
 But the bold Preaching Weathercock will row
 By every Wind, where Interest does blow.

}

Now, SIR FICKLE, if you doubt this to be the true
 features of — *The Preaching Weathercock* — See his Picture
 more at length in my Essay, intituled — *The Bull-Baiting*
 In answer to a furious Sermon preach'd to a Turncoat M—r
 or *High Flyers* always run from one Extream to another) or
 if you see it better drawn in that unanswerable Book intituled—
The Modern Fanatick (written by Mr. Bisset) — Or if you'd
 view the *Preaching-Weathercock* in all his Canting, Leud and
 Fickle Character, read The Humble Petition of my Lord
 Baron of Santry, to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where
 is said, Mr. H——ns to reproach her Majesty's just Admini-
 stration, seditiously said in a Publick Coffee-House, "That Forty
 One was coming in again, and if it does, said he, I can
 CANT, and wear a short Cloak, and, perhaps, rub down
 my Landlady too — as well as another. — Mr. Turncoat,
 all these Discoveries wont fully inform your dull Capaci-
 ty, who is — *The Preaching Weathercock* — Compare
 the Fickle Character I have here given of him with your own
 Canting, Recanting, and Re-recanting; nay, I may add, Re-
 e-Re-Recanting, and you'll find you need not search any
 further than the *Secret History* of your own Life, (or late
 recantation in *White Chappel*) for the true Picture of a
Preaching Weathercock; but seeing to LOOK INWARD (or
 self-Mortification) has never been your Practice, I shall
 save you of that Labour in the following PARADOX, which
 will prove you — *A Preaching Weathercock* — or in
 plain Words, that Will — R——dson will Cant, Re-
 cant, and Re-recant, till (to prove he is no Schismatick)
 he has set his Religion and Conscience to all the Points of
 the Compass.

Having given a General Account of the Rise and Cha-
 racter of the *Preaching Weathercock*, I shall now descend to
 particulars, and faithfully shew, how this *Weathercock* is
 simplify'd in the Secret Life, Conversation and Doctrines
 of Canonical WILL, (I call you so as you tell us in your
 Recantation

Recantation you were lately a Dissenting Minister, but are now a CANONICAL PRESBITER of the Church of England.

And here I find I have but a foul and dark Way to go, if I'll do Justice to your Fickle Character, which I resolve to do under the Protection and Government of that Proverb ——— *Tell the Truth and shame the Devil* ——— And I might add (to the Devil) *William R* ——— dson, if he might not be said to be quite *Shameless*, who has exceeded even *Hyperboles* in Vice, Slander, and preaching Pro and Con ——— I say *Hyperboles* ——— for seeing the ingenious *Erasmus* tells us, (a) *That the getting of Children (tho in the Way of Honesty) is the most foolish Act a wise Man can be guilty of* ——— Then who can take the Dimension of your *Hypocrisy* (the vilest Point in the Turncoat's Compass) that pretend to recant of your Nonconformity from *Conviction and Conscience* ——— and yet have so little Grace and Modesty, that the GENITAL POINT of your Compass (call'd by *Erasmus The foolish Instrument*) has lately made a contented C ——— d of a certain *H* ——— ter, now living in *W* ——— ing; and tho' you deny HORNING your Friend, with all the Assurance of an *Irish* Evidence, yet if we may believe one of your own Family, (b) the Penitent Wife own'd to your Face (when you went to vindicate your self) that you *had made a C* ——— d of her poor Husband, or suppose the GENITAL POINT of your Compass never turn'd in this leud Manner (tho' I can't see what End *Madam B* ——— could have to mis-represent her Canonical Son) yet I shall detect such vile Secrets in your *Weathercock-Life*, as will match, if not OUT-DEVIL that Modern Fanatick, *Mr. Bisset* discovered in *Dr. Sacheverel*, or at least that aggravated and wanton Sin (you are charged with) of Neighing after a Neighbour's Wife. ——— How *Mr. Turncoat*, is this that *Conviction and Conscience* that frighted you out of the Meetings into Episcopal Orders? Is this that *Holy Life* that made you beg to be received into the Church (c) Is this that *Orthodox Principle* that snatch'd you from that woful Schism that (you tell us) the Dissenters had engag'd you in, and that gave you so much Satisfaction and Peace of Mind (d) to forsake? What Sir, does *Conviction and Conscience* lie in Adultery, Swearing, Lying, Drunkenness, (for all these are Points in your Turncoat Compass)

(a) *In his Panegyrick upon Folly.*

(b) *Viz. Madam B* ——— your Wifes *M* ——— r, who discovered to *Mr. G* ——— your *L* ——— d Intreague with the *H* ——— ter's Wife, as he is ready to attest upon Oath.

(c) *Mr. R* ——— dson's Recantation Sermon, Pag. 21.

(d) *Mr. R* ——— dson's Recantation Sermon, Pag. 21.

The Preaching Weathercock.

7

with Sins of a blacker die, of which more anon) sure Sir
Scruple, a Priest that had Piety and Learning enough to ob-
tain Ordination, was not to learn that *Adultery* is a Capital
Crime, that there is great Theft in it, (as the Word imports,
John 8. 4.) whiles the Child of a Stranger carries away the
Goods or Lands of the Family, besides (Mr. *Weathercock*)
you can't but know this Sin of Adultery strikes at the very
sinew, Heart and Life of the Marriage Knot, and dissolves
it, and had lately excommunicated *John L——* is from
that very Independent Church you were preaching to, whilst
if we believe Madam *B——*) you liv'd in the same
Adultery; then what a Patient (I won't say contented)
——d was the *Wapping H——ter* that he did not sound
his Horns in *Pinner's-Hall*, where you had preach'd, or at
least in those Tory-Churches where you pretend to Recant of
your Nonconformity; for what Husband that had but two
Grains of Modesty, would hold the Door to his own Flesh
and Blood: What! (as Mr. *Dryden* calls it) *The Husband his
own Cuckold*? No, Sir *Fickle*, you'll find no such infamous
——lds among the Dissenters, or at least not in the
Wapping H——ter, for that Pious C——ld (being a
man of remarkable Honesty) loves his Wife at a better
rate; nay, even Turncoat WILL, can't bear the Thoughts
of being a C——ld, neither is he that horned Jest, as I
shall prove anon; not but if you were a C——ld you
might see your Sin in your Punishment; for tho' it must
be own'd, we have many honest Knights of this Order so
ab'd by their Wives, yet if you are made a C——ld,
it is but a just Reward of your own Inconstancy, for you
have ever been *A General Lover* (a Sort of Courting as well
as Preaching *Weathercock*) and 'tis generally thought, you'll
be as long fixing in Love, as you are in Religion; for that
creature you (WANTONLY) doat on, is a meer Trifle, a
Woman, a Think in Petticoats, and like your self, *A Wea-
thercock*, for Woman is full of mutability, and there's
scarce one of her Sex (if a little Tipfie) but can laugh and
play at a Breath; She's like a Stratagem of War, which ad-
mits of no second Error, for to him that marries a Woman
to err, is for ever to be undone; but this I own is not
your Case, for you are not so much for Marrying as Wh---
ing, not considering, tho' Mens Desires range after Variety,
yet they find no Change, since in one Woman all are
atomiz'd, for Nature is a skilful Painter, and seldom
draws; she that drew one, drew all, you know the SONG,

—— Nothing differs but their Faces,
Every Woman is the same ——

Not

The Preaching Weathercock

Not that I'm a *Woman-Hater*, for I came of *A Weathercock*, I mean a Woman (of which more anon) and shou'd esteem the World but a Desert were it not for the Society of the Fair Sex, the most polish'd Part of Mankind wou'd appear but like Hermits in Masquerade, or a kind of *civiliz'd Satyr*, so imperfect and unaccomplish'd is our VIRILITY without the Re-union of our LOST RIB, that substantial and integral Part of our selves, and for that Reason I wou'd have our Commerce with Females as GENERAL, as is their Number that deserve it, whose Knowledge and Vertue will be a sufficient Security from Criminal Familiarities and from the Scandals of the World; but alas, *Sir Fickle*, ('tis seen by your kissing the *H——ter's Wife*) you are one of those *Weathercock-Lovers* that are charm'd with every handsome FACE, and can't be content to let the Active Passion of Vertuous Love to run within the lawful Channel of chaste Marriage, tho' (as even Goats wou'd own cou'd they speak all Irregular and Weathercock Passions to the Fair Sex, are not only vile but ungrateful, seeing from the Cradle to the Tomb, we are wrapt in a Circle of Obligations to them for their Love and good Offices, and he is a Monster in Nature who returns them not the Caresses of an Innocent Affection, the spotless Sallies of Vertue and Gratitude; but this (*Sir*) cou'd not be your Case, with Respect to the *H——ter's Wife*, for had your Intimacy with her been *Innocent and Spotless* what Occasion was there that you shou'd go to vindicate your Innocence, or rather (for so it happen'd) to detect your Guilt, which must needs be very HEINOUS, as the Crime your M——r charges you with is Ad——ry, the most black and aggravated Sin, not only as 'tis coyning the Heavens Image in Stamps that be forbid, but as 'tis the *Weathercock Vice* that turns both Soul and Body in a Circle of Wickedness, and is a Sort of *Sacrilege*, for our Bodies are consecrated to God as his Temples, and therefore ought not to give 'em to any other, much less to *Satan and the Flesh*; *Master Cleaver* reports, of one that he knew, who had committed the Act of Uncleaness, and in the Horror of Conscience, he hang'd himself; but before, he wrote a Paper, and left in a Place to this Effect; *Indeed I acknowledge it (said he) to be utterly unlawful for a Man to kill himself; but I am bound to act the Magistrates Part, because the Punishment of this Sin is Death.* This Act was not to be justified, but it shews what a Controversy God hath with Adulterers (a), and what a deep Gash that Sin makes in the Conscience; and therefore (*Mr. Weathercock*) all the Harsh I wish you is, that *as your Adultery has been made Publick*

(a) *Heb.* 23. 4.

your Wife's M——r, so your sincere Repentance for it may be made as publick by your self; for your Inconstancy in Wedlock as well as Religion, shews you a Man of abandon'd Principles, and that the Genital Point of your Compass, stands directly to W——dom which is a most scandalous Vice in a Clergyman for tho' such can't help carrying Flesh and Blood under their Gowns; yet with submission to better Judgments, I think it ought to be more refin'd (by Prayer, Fasting, or chaste Wedlock) than that in other Men, or at least purify'd from all Uncleanneſs in Thought, Word and Deed; for 'tis the leud and scandalous Lives of the Clergy, that give the Ignorant an occasion to use it as a Proverb, *That the Parson is but as another Man when he is out of the Pulpit, or at best but a Preaching Weathercock.*

Now (Sir) if the Genital (or smallest) Point in your Turncoat Compass tempt you to Conjugal Perjury (which I have here discovered and paraphras'd, upon the Accusation of your Wife's M——r) what a vile Hippocrite was you to pretend to leave the Dissenters from Conviction and Conscience, and what ——— *A Foul, and dark Way* ——— (as I said before) have I to go, in detecting those ——— *Thirty Two Points* ——— that have steer'd your whole Life and Actions from the first Time you sail'd into Being to this Minute. And here I am more puzzled what to call that *whiffling Presbyterian* (I mean your self) that libels the Dissenters, than to prove you any thing almost but what you should be; but tho' your whole Life be a Riddle (or dark Mystery of Iniquity) as will appear if we eye your *Weathercock* Conscience, in the *Thirty Two Points* of the *Turncoat Compass*; yet that which I chiefly design in these Sheets is to prove you ——— *Preaching Weathercock* ——— and that's the highest Encomium (if I keep to Truth) that I dare give you; 'tis true by your Severity upon the Dissenters Ordination, I should take you for a *Stoick*; by that upon their Schism (as you ignorantly call it) for a *Critick*; by your ridiculing their extempore Prayers (of which more anon) for an *Atheist*; and by your Epistolary Debate with Mr. Clark, I find the Man wou'd gladly be suspected of some Skill in *Controversy*: But (Sir) whatever you are as to these Characters, 'tis certain you are a *Weathercock* (or meer Changling) in all you ever did or said in the Pulpit, (or else where); and tho' that *Inconstancy* (or Fickleness) I shall detect in your *Weathercock-Life*, will appear very black and ridiculous; yet I suppose, what I write concerning such a *Turncoat-Wretch*, will not amount to a Violation of the *Law of Humanity*; especially if we remember how severe an Observer, and how amodest a Publisher of other Mens (rather suppos'd than real Crimes.) you your self have been, of which your Late

Recantation (or Satyr upon the Dissenters, and hiring a Person to take in Short-hand Dr. Williams, Mr. Brags, and Mr. Burges's Prayers on Purpose to expose and mis-represent 'em) is a notorious Instance, as will appear to all, when I come to detect the Atheistical Point of your Compass, and therefore having received the *Secret History of your Life, Conversation and Doctrines*, from several Persons of Worth and Credit, 'tis but giving you ——— *Tit for Tat* ——— that I here publish 'em for the undeceiving of such as have been deluded by your *Pulpit Cant, or Religious Juggling*; and tho' I am not able to detect your *Proteus-Life*, in so NICE and convincing a Manner as it wou'd have been writ, had the *Spectator*, or more Immortal CALAMY been the Historian; yet this I shall assure you, I shall not knowingly blot you with any Fidion; nor shall I need to make use of my Invention, since the *Inconstancy and Vileness* of your own Actions, set your pretended Conversion to the Church of England in a True Light, and are sufficient to prove you, — *A Universal Turncoat*.

And now (*Sir Fickle*) in treating on this Subject, I shall lead you a *Wild-Goose Chase* (that is I shall ramble and turn every way, or should forget my Subject is — *The Preaching Subject* ———). I love a Poetical March by Leaps and Skips; there are Pieces in *Plutarch* where he forgets his Theam; yet how beautiful are his Variations and Digressions! and the most of all when they seem to be fortuitous, and introduced for want of heed; 'tis the indiligent Reader that loses my Subject, and not I; there will always be found some Words or other in a Corner, to prove my Satyr is *The Preaching Weathercock*, neither cou'd I keep to my Subject did I shun Excursions (or scruple turning to every Point of the *Turncoat Compass*): However all my *Rambling Fancies* look towards the *Preaching Weathercock*, tho' 'tis with an oblique Glance. I have read a Dialogue in *Plato*, of such motly and fantastick Composition, as had all the beginning of Love; (as this Essay begins with a *Cuckold*), and all the rest of *Rhetorick*; and I hope this *Weathercock-way-of-Writing* (as frequent Digressions are a keeping Close to my Subject) will please all my Readers, but more especially the *Turncoats*, for they all live and preach, as if they thought *Constancy* was not so absolutely necessary in Clergymen and Husbands (nay, if they are like *fickle William*, they think even *Constancy* it self, no way necessary to the Conjugate State): For my own Share, tho' I never yet turn'd my Coat in Religion; nor chang'd Sides in the Choice of Parliamentary Men, and would not do either to be *Lord High Treasurer of the Universe* (as believing none but *Knaves or Atheists* change their Religion or Party) yet I am not so STABLE as

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II

have no Inconstancy in me; for, (as I said before) my Subject is ——— *The Preaching Weathercock* ——— And therefore when I have my Pen in my Hand, and Subject in my Head, I look upon my self as mounted my Horse to ride a Journey, wherein altho I design to reach such a Town by Night, yet will I not deny my self the Satisfaction of going a Mile or two out of the way, to gratify my Senses with some new and diverting Prospect: Now he that is of this *Weathercock-Humour*, will certainly be pleased with my frequent Digressions; however in this I have the Honour to imitate the great Montaign, whose Umbrage is sufficient to protect me against any one Age of Criticks ———

And therefore now without any more Apology, I'll trace your *Weathercock-Life* from the Infancy of Time (for I shall prove you a *Weathercock* both before, and when you was born) and will continue the History of your Fickle Actions, till I have prov'd you *A Preaching* (or constant) *Weathercock* (pardon the *Paradox*) throughout the whole Course of your Life.

I'll first begin with your PEDEGRE, which tho' it be obscure, yet it is not altogether so hard to trace, as to find out the Head of the River Nile; Mr. H——ton says you were born in Scotland, D—— affirms the Breath you draw, is that of an Irishman's; W—— assures me, that by the Assistance of Mother Midnight, you first crept thro' the narrow Passage of Nativity in this World, at Newcastle; Mr. W——m informs me, upon the Union of Scotland and England, you would have acknowledg'd your self a North Britain; but upon the Search, you was found to be an Irish Priest, if not a Priest in Popish Orders; but that you had a Popish Education, or are now a Papist, I won't assert (for I'll be positive in nothing but what I'm able to prove) but this is certain your Epistolary Friend Mr. Clark, tells us that Mr. C——r, a Roman Catholick, made you a Proselite to High Church, that he might get you as near as he cou'd to the Popish Religion, in hopes at length to get you quite over (a). Others say (you have so reel'd, too and fro, *Weathercock-like*) that your Father was a Scotch Man, your Mother an Irish Woman, that you were Born in Northumberland, Nurs'd in Ireland, Educated in Scotland, and design'd for Holland (but lost your Recommendation by the Way, being taken by the French in that Voyage) but where-ever you were born, you have so disgrac'd your reverend Profession, by your Fickle Princi-

(a) See the Pamphlet intituled, *An Epistolary Debate between Mr. William Clark, a Dissenting Minister, and Mr. William R——dson, now of the Church of England, concerning Episcopal Ordination.*

ples, that 'tis certain no Town or Kingdom, will quarrel about the Place of your Birth, as they did about *Homer's*; for who'd quarrel about a *Weathercock* Priest, that changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, and is sure to be of all Religions but the Right, as the Pagans worship all Gods but the true One; or if you are *STEADFAST* in any Principle, 'tis that of *Railing at Conventicles*: And in this Bigottry, your *Weathercock* has turn'd round, for you were a *High Flyer* amongst the Dissenters, then calling such as conform'd to the Rites and Ceremonies *Meer Porridge Men, Church Papists*; and were then so zealous against Conformity, that you would not so much as suffer a Royal Brief to be read thro' in a Meeting-House where you preach'd, because the reading it through came too near to a Church-Custom; of which *High-Flying* (whilst you preach'd amongst the Dissenters) expect a more particular Account, when I come to discover what a *Weathercock* you have been, in abhorring and approving of Ceremonies and Church Customs; but nothing that is violent lasts, for you no sooner left the Dissenters, for want of Encouragement, but you fall to call 'em *Schismatics, Tubsters, Republicans*, and many other odious Names, as if you could give no better Proof of your sincere Conversion to the Church of England, but by *RAILING* at such as dissent from it, forgetting that *Railing is against the Majesty of Preaching*, as being a Practice much more becoming a *Shrow in Cathedra* (if I may so call her Chair of State the *Ducking-Stool*) than a Minister in the Face of a Congregation; I therefore advise you, (the next time you rail at Dissenters) to get your *HEAT*, mistaken for Zeal, for else it may be justly accounted something that hath a worse Name, and which in the *DOG-DAYS* will be very dangerous: It is good to be civil every where, but in the Pulpit especially; that Clergy-man that rails in the Church, where he should preach the Gospel of Peace, is (if not excus'd by being a Mad-man) a Scandal to the Church, and a Disgrace to the Gown; or to speak the best of the *Pulpit-Railer*, whether he be Priest, Deacon, or such a Turncoat as *Will R--dson*, he must needs think *Moderation and brotherly Love* (which the Apostle so often and earnestly exhorts us to) are no Part of a Christian Duty, or that they do not become Church-men, which I am sure is *Gross Ignorance* (or such *High-Flying Nonsense*) as none but *Preaching Weathercocks*, would blush to utter; for I shall prove in my *Character of the True and Moderate Church-man*, that all Denominations of Protestants (holding the Fundamental Articles of the Christian Faith) are Members of the same Church; I own 'tis a Paradox, to call Church-men, and such as Dissent from the Members of the same Church; but in my *Reasons for conforming*

the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, I prove
large, that the Dissenters are guilty of no *Schism*, but
good Church-men in going to separate Meetings; for 'tis
not (to use Bishop Hall's Expression) *A Title, or a Retinue,*
a Ceremony, a Garment, or a Colour, or an Organ-Pipe, that
make us a different Church: Then pray (Sir Fickle) what
do you mean by calling the Dissenters *Schismaticks*? When
do you mean an Author as JOHN DUNTON is able to prove,
that the Religion you deserted, in leaving the Dissenters, is the very
same with that which you have chosen in the Church of England.
So that 'tis plain Canonical WILL is not only a *Preaching*
Weathercock, that Rails against all Parties by Turns, but is
an ABSOLUTE PROTEUS, that changes one way of
Worship to embrace another (containing the same Funda-
mental Articles with that he left) meerly for the sake of
Change.

If you ask me why I ramble thus from your Pedegree?
to prove you a *Railer and Turncoat*, whereas yet I han't seen
you i'th' Pulpit, nor scarce in your Cradle.

I answer, Why mayn't I be Dull and Impertinent now
and then, as well as your self? And why not allow'd to
change my Subject (when an Excursion diverts me) as often as
you do your Religion and Church? Ah Will! Will! How
you'd this have broke the Heart of your Godly Parents, to
see you thus weak and fickle in the Great and Solemn Work of
the Ministry. 'Tis true, your Father was but a *Clothworker,*
(or *Turner of Worsted*) yet the Meanness of your Parents
you'd have been no Reproach to you, if your own *Weather-*
cock-Life had not made you more despised than your Poor
Original; for as the Glory of Ancestors is a vain boast in
those whose Actions degenerate from the Nobleness of their
Family; so the mean Descent of those whose STEADFAST
VIRTUES have laid the Foundation of their own Honour, is
no Disparagement: Sir, 'tis your Turning to all Parties,
tho' with no better Success to your Reputation than to be
call'd — *The Preaching Weathercock* — that has more
disgrac'd your Family than their mean Condition; but no
wonder you should be thus Fickle, for as I have prov'd your
Pedegree a meer *Weathercock* (or uncertain Thing) so I shall
next prove, — *You was begot by a Weathercock* — *Was con-*
ceiv'd by a Weathercock — *Was born a Weathercock* —
turn'd ROUND as a *Weathercock* in Infancy, Childhood and
Youth, to the Time you could write Man; and have ever since
that GREAT TURN of your Life) made good my Paradox of
being A *Preaching Weathercock*.

1. *You was begot by a Weathercock.*

Nature lay'd on you a STAIN (or Inclination to act
the *Weathercock*) before she brought you to a visible State,
and

and I think 'tis easy to prove you turn'd as a *Weathercock* several Ages before you was thought of in this World, for (if we'll believe *Pythagoras*) you turn'd Round from the beginning of the World, if not a great deal sooner: *The Essences of Things are Eternal* (as the Learned say) and your first Turn as a *Weathercock*, was out of Essence into Existence, from a Being in your Causes into actual Being, and therefore 'tis *Pythagoras* tells us, *There's an innumerable Company of Pre-existent Souls; those that transgress, or (like Spiritual Weathercocks) often turn from one Opinion to another* are sent down into Bodies, so as being purify'd by **SOLID DISCIPLINE**, they may return again to their own Places.

But (Sir) not to mount the Argument above your dull Understanding, let it suffice that your *Fickle Soul*, for ought you can say, has acted the *Weathercock* the best Part of Six Thousand Years, if those are in the right on't who hold—*The Pre-existence*—— and that all Souls were made at once.

However—— for your **BODY**, I can make Affidavit on't—— that 't has been changing so often and long before your Soul stumbled upon't, that I lose the Track and can go no further; *All Matter is in Motion*, and therefore (*Weathercock-like*) perpetually chang'd and alter'd. Now in how many Shapes that little Handful which makes up your Soul's Luggage has been formerly dress'd, I'll promise you I'll not undertake to tell you; this I say may be, and graver Folks (*Mr. William*) than you and I, have made a huge Splutter with such a Kind of Business.

And so (in the *Twinkling of a Bed-Staff*, or Turn of a *Weathercock*) I'm got home again to find you in your Mother's Belly, just turn'd out of nothing, or next to't; nothing like what you are now, into a little live Thing, hardly as big as a Nit.

I might here (for 'tis Charity to lend a Crutch to a lame Con-*ceit*) give you the *History of the unborn Weathercock*; that is, I might here pull out my Note-Book, and flap dash it down the very Minute after you were first thought on; let me see—— so many Days, Hours and Seconds after **CONCEPTION** for (as I hinted before)—— You were conceiv'd by a *Weathercock*——

A Weathercock conceive Will — R — dson,
That's strange indeed! The Thing cou'd not be done:
'Tis not strange at all! for Woman's such a JEST,
She's *Weathercock* in Thought, in Tail, in Breast;
And for her Tongue it is a Sort of Ocean,
That ne'er stands still but always is in Motion.
For if perpetual Motion be, as said,
It is the Noise Tongue within her Head;

Perpetual

The Preaching Weathercock.

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Perpetual Motion! Yes, the Case is plain,
 It Tattles in her Tongue, and Gossips in her Brain :
 So that the MOULD conceiving humane Stock,
 Is Fickle Woman, Nature's Weathercock :
 Fickle indeed! for Weathercocks Repose,
 But in her Sleep, when other Creatures doze,
 She Scolds at left, and often threatens Blows.
 Then cries, *My Honey, turn to me my Dove,*
Thou art my All, and every Thing I love.
 So that she's neither fixt in Love nor Hate,
 But a continual Tempest to her Mate:
 Or a Conceiving-Weathercock perplext,
 For what she hugs this Hour, she stabs the next.
 No more the Wind, the faithless Wind shall be,
 A Simile for her Inconstancy ;
 For that sometimes is fix'd, but Woman's Mind
 Is never fix'd, or to ONE POINT inclin'd :
 Less fix'd than in a Storm the Billows are,
 Or trembling Leaves the *Aspen* Tree does bear ;
 Which ne'er stand still (but ev'ry way inclin'd)
 Turn Twenty Times with the least Breath of Wind :
 Less fix'd than wanton Swallows while they play,
 In the Sun-Beams to welcome in the Day.
 Now yonder, now they're here, as soon as there,
 In no Place long, and yet are ev'ry where.
Thus ev'ry Woman is a Weathercock,
A Fickle, Tempting Sort of Turn-coat Rock :
 Constant in Change! no wonder then the Sex,
 Conceive us first, and then our Souls do vex.
 But tho' not fixt in either Sex or Mind,
These Weathercocks produce the Humane Kind :
 Nay teiz us often with their being true,
 A Thing the Fickle Creature never knew.
 My Love, saith Silvia, is as constant sure,
 As is the Moon, Diana chaste and pure :
 Credit her Words, assured TRUE they be,
The Moon doth change each Month and so does she.
 My Fickle Spouse, but oh! I'm loth to tell,
 Or shame the Crimes of one I lov'd so well ;
 But it must out, even she, swift as the Wind,
 (*Swift as the Airy Motions of the Mind*)
 At once prov'd False, and Perjur'd and Unkind.
 Thus Breeding Women, Paradoxes be,
Meer Weathercocks in Love and Constancy,
 Conceive us all ——— in Sin and Vanity.
 At least 'twas so, if not a greater Ill,
 When Nature brought to Light RECANTING WILL.

But

But (Sir) that I may advance nothing concerning your *Weathercock Conception*, but what carries demonstration in the *Teeth on't*, and what you shall believe in *sight of your Nose* (for you that can turn any Way, may believe any Thing). Then know (*Mr. Weathercock*) as soon as ever your Mother quicken'd you began to *Change with a witness* — Were she alive she'd swear it — However not to trouble the World and you, with a Company of not very *Sweet Depositions* to that Purpose (for as close as you stick to the *JACKS*, be it known to them you're no *Prince of Wales*) this I assert, you were a *Sort of Weathercock in your Mother's Belly*; for there did you keep such a *Tossing and Tumbling, Frisking and Rambling, and shifting sides, and TURNING ROUND (Weathercock-like)* from one Place to t'other, that after *Nine Months*, your Mother cou'd endure it no longer, but out she turn'd you, and abroad you tumbled into the wide World.

And this leads me to prove — That you was born a Weathercock — So ho! Make way there in the *winding Chambers of Nature*, for there's just launching into that *Glorious Nothing*, call'd the World, a *Proteus in Canting*, (or *Preaching Weathercock*) Nor wonder, I say — *Launch'd into Being* — for LIFE is a troublesome and tempestuous Sea, a meer *Irish Ocean*; we take shipping at our Birth, with Tears we sail over it, with *Fear, Sorrow, Hope, Mistake*, the *Whirl-winds* that Toss us thro' it (for want of *BAL-AST*, or solid Piety to steer our *Weathercock Vessels* the dire'd Course to the *Cœlestial Country*;) and at last, with *Sighs and Groans*, we land at the Port of Death; which made Cowley say,

*About the Spacious World let others roam,
The Voyage LIFE — is longest made at Home.*

Oh Life! Life! (for, Sir, by this Time I suppose you born) what a Whim thou art; Thou art a meer *Weathercock*, no Body knows what to make of Thee: Thou art one *DAILY CHANGE* (or *Turning Round*) from Nothing to Something, tho' that Something is next to Nothing. However, if — *Life be a Voyage* — no Wonder we find *Weathercock WILL*, sailing thro' it, by every Point in the *Turncoat Compass*.

I suppose you are scarce yet *Hard'ned* enough in *Tory Principles* to deny this; for did you not begin your *Natural Life* with tumbling, frisking and shifting sides in your Mother's Belly; where (as I said before) you *ask'd the Weathercock Nine Months*, and had no sooner left the little *Closet* where you were fram'd, but your Eyes roll'd about,

The Preaching Weathercock.

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and your Looks prov'd you a CHANGELING. SIR, I might here talk of those many pretty Things you turn'd to when you first saw the Light, found the Bubby, and all that, but these INFANT CHANGES (*tho' they had as much of Weathercock in 'em as any Part of your Life*) I can't, nor won't describe, because I think it *below the Gravity of a serious Reader*; 'tis enough that I observe here, that of all your Members, the last that moved was your TONGUE, (*that Mother of Speech that shapes our Breath into Words*) as if you were loth to use so deceitful an Organ, and certainly (as you were ever a noted Lyer) you were best Company with it, when you cou'd but just mutter and lisp; however, this is certain, you were no sooner able to distinguish Good from Evil, but you chose the last, as I shall prove, by shewing how you acted the Weathercock in — *Infancy* — *Childhood* — *and Youth* — 'till you cou'd write Man. —

You thought — *In Infancy* — (cou'd he think in his Cradle, that perhaps never had a serious Thought in *Manhood*?) you had got out o'th' Jail, but you found one worse than that which you left, for having chang'd a *lesser World* for a greater, you found your *Inconstancy* so much more extensive as the Place you came to was larger than the former, yet with what JOY was you receiv'd upon your first forming that narrow Mansion, where kind Nature shews her Cunnings, while those that saw you cried, — *How like is he to his Father?* — And they said well, if they pointed at Adam, or your BLOOD made you his Son, and like himself a Weathercock; I say a Weathercock! For 'tis the Opinion of most Divines, *That Adam was fix'd in the State of Innocence but few Hours.*

Sir, — You won't be so unconscionable sure, as to think I shou'd here give you an Account what pleasant sparkling Discourse pass'd among the Gossips and Midwife that say you were CHRISTNED, how they red your Fortunes, gave their Judgments, and all that; 'tis enough that I prove you a WEATHERCOCK in *Infancy*, which you was (to be sure) as much as in *Manhood*, for you were no sooner born but you speedily chang'd your Infant Body to a GROWING LUMP of SIN; so that *Inconstancy* govern'd your Cradle, and you had then nothing about you but what did stain you: the Materials whereof you were made, I am asham'd to name; and even in your Infant State, you became so Fickle and naturaliz'd a Sinner, that it was a Task no less hard for you to get out of SIN, than NATURE; and which is yet more surprising, you owe your VERY GROWTH to *Inconstancy*: you were so meer a WEATHERCOCK in *Infancy*, *Childhood* and *Youth*, that you advanc'd in Bulk and Stature, by often changing in those early Days; that is, you were now a

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GROW-

GROWING WEATHERCOCK (if I may so express it) and I dare assert, that at the last Trumpet, you will rise with the same Individual Body you now carry about you, tho' there may not then be one of the same Individual Atomes to make it up which are its present Ingredients, for neither are they the same now, as they were in your Infant State yet you may be properly said to have the same Individual Body at this Hour, which your Mother brought forth into the World, tho' it is manifest, that there is so vast an Accession of other Particles since that Time, as are enough to make Ten such Bodies as you had then, which implies such a Perpetual Flux of the former, as twou'd be a Solacism in Philosophy to think you have one of your Infant Atomes now left about you; and yet you may be said still to have the same Individual Body as you had in Infancy, tho' there be not one of the same Individual Atomes left in its Composition; so that the Manner of your first Appearance and growth, fairly proves you an Infant Weathercock, and that you increas'd in Bulk and Stature by often changing.

But scarce able to creep, you at last turn'd from the State of Infancy, to Childhood (for being a Weathercock, you never stood long in any State, Post, or Religion, without turning round) In your Childhood the main Points of your Weathercock-Compass were Lying and Disobedience, which steer'd you this way and that way (and almost ROUND) to every Vanity. Now was you wean'd indeed from your Nurses Milk, but not from your Grandam's Sin; you begun with Christ's Cross, but soon was you tir'd with learning it, which shew'd how quickly you wou'd be afterwards wearied with bearing it: 'twas your desire in Childhood to learn in Jest but play in Earnest, and such a meer Weathercock were you in that thoughtless State of Life, that you often chang'd one Vanity for another, and was a Changling in nothing so much as in Folly: Esau, in preferring a Mess of Pottage before his Inheritance, was never more foolish than you was in the Estimate of your Vanities; What a brave Fellow did little Billy hold himself with his—— Elder-Gun, Hobby-Horse and Rattle—— which tho' common to other Boys, yet were so excessively your Sport, as made you a greater Weathercock than was ever known in Hanging-Sleeves; so that your Childish Weathercock might be well compared to that Top you so much us'd (in Childhood) which always run round, and never went forward unless it were whip'd —— But I'll say no more of your Childhood, as the next turn of your Weathercock was into Youth, and Non-Proficiency at School (Sort of second Edition of Childhood with some Enlargement.)

The Preaching Weathercock.

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Sir, Having trac'd your several Turnings and Twinings, so far as YOUTH, by this Time I'll suppose you had serv'd Two Apprentisships in this World, and by your frequent Changes in Infancy and Childhood, was grown higher in Stature, but for your Discretion, it kept still the same Measure; yet (when you call'd to mind your former Life) I have that Charity to think, you never lookt on what your Childhood did without a Blush; and your Childhood, if you had falln back into it, might have been as much asham'd of what was done in your Youth.—However for your better Education, 'twas thought necessary to place you under the Tuition of a Learned Pedagogue, who wou'd spare no Correction for your further Benefit and Instruction, but to no Purpose, for in a Letter just now received from an honest Dissenter (who has traced your Life from your Birth, to your Recantation in White-Chappel) he writes thus, Mr. Dunton,—— As to the Education of that Preaching Weathercock Will—— R——dson, surely he had it in the School of Devils, as appears by his bellish Fury against the Dissenters at this unseasonable Time, when the whole Nation is already in a Rage, by the Divisions lately occasion'd by that Pulpit Incendiary (or Tool of a Party as he was call'd at his Tryal) Dr. Sacheverel.—“ Dr. South complaining of Persons who took upon them Holy Orders, tho' altogether unqualified for the sacred Function, (which you must needs be, if, as my Friend informs me, you were Educated in the School of Devils) says somewhere, That many a Man runs his Head against the Pulpit, who might have done his Country excellent Service at a Plough Tail.—Which Instance of the Dull Pulpiteer seems to be your Case; for tho' you were by Nature exalted above the Dull Gramatical Method of Scholastick Education, yet being a kind of Persecutor of Nature, you wou'd fain have chang'd the dull Lead of your Brain into finer Mettal, and to do you Justice, you did at last crowd your self into the Company of Adverbs, Conjunctions, Prepositions and Interjections, with which you did so kick, cuff and quarrel, that notwithstanding your Master gave all possible Assistance to his Disciple, yet he found your Brains too valiant to be conquer'd, which unhappy Contests often concluded in a terrible Flagitation which prov'd to no Purpose; for tho' the fiery Pedagogue thrash'd lustily at the But-end of his Pupil, you valu'd not that Part, but defended your Head with such Art and Caution, that it was not in your Master's Power to beat any thing into it, for tho' you ever had a strange hank'ring after Learning, yet to atchieve it, Nature was too kind to you, she help'd you to nothing but Patience and a Body, yet what you had you usually had perfect, for you read it so long before you cou'd understand it, that you got it without Book.—So that being a Weathercock in every thing but DULLNESS (for from

that you never turn'd in any Part of your Life) your Master, after abundance of Pains to no Purpose (being tir'd with his Labour in vain) sent you back to your Friends a Sort of *Incorrigible Blockhead*; and you were ever as vain and sensual as you were Dull and Fickle, for you had no sooner left your little Coat, Scourge and Top, but you hunted after *Forbidden Fruit*; so that I'm ready to think not a Day passed over your Head, in your youthful Days, without some Love-Plot, or spiritual Mischief, but this is scarce to be wonder'd at, for (as Mr. Wright observes (a)) "*How many do we see that have forsaken the God of their Fathers, and the God of their Youth, to follow after Vanities, whose Principles and whose Ways are corrupted to a very strange Degree?* Doubtless, (Sir) the easiest of your Vanities in Youth, were light Amorous Poems, and Ogling at the Fair Sex, you held those Employments for your best Hours; Oh what a Pride, what a Booty did you hold a Favour snatcht from a light Piece of Beauty; and no Man sure can think you less chaste and inconstant (either in your single or marry'd State) that calls to mind the Wapping C—ld, or present Jealousy concerning your virtuous Wife; for the Mother had never sought for her Daughter in the Oven, had she not been first there her self.

Thus (Sir Fickle) you spent your Life for some Years, there happening nothing remarkable in it, but the ordinary Fatigues of Orchard-Robbing, Birds-Nesting, Titcat, Cricket, Chuck-Farthing, Trap-Ball, and all such Scholastick Exercises, which (with your LOVE-INTREAGUES, of which anon, I shall give a more particular and surprising Account) ingrossed great Part of your Time; how the rest of your youthful Days were spent, I am not able to discover, as they were more obscure, so 'tis Charity to believe they were harmless; but having got such a smattering of Learning, as your DULL GENIUS wou'd attain to, you were at last honour'd with Presbyterian Ordination, and soon afterwards Re-ordain'd by the Bishop of London; concerning which ORDINATIONS I shall make several strange Discoveries.

And this brings me in the last Place to prove this PARADOX, That you have been a *Preaching Weathercock* ever since you could write MAN: When you was a CHILD, you lov'd Childishness; when a YOUTH, Inconstancy and Wantonness; but being now come to write MAN, what can be less expected than *Fruits of Obedience, Faith and Repentance?* FRUITS! Few, God knows, and those bitter Fruits; never did Man read MAN more, and express MAN less; for tho' Manhood had swallow'd up your YOUTH, yet does

(a) In his Sermon preach'd at Black Fryers on occasion of the Publick Fast. Jan. 16. 1712!

our MANHOOD taste less of MAN than your YOUTH, yet being now arriv'd to your 21th Year, Nature begun to push at some Token of your Manhood, (but such as I blush to name) for now you held it Security enough to *sin secretly*, and retire from the Sight both of God and Man, and to promise to your self more Protection in sinning; your secret *Ad—ry*, *Swearing*, *Drunkenness*, stick not to say, *Who with me?* and therefore I'll now pass over your *Infancy*, *Childhood*, *Youth* and *Manhood*, without any more DISCOVERIES; for the main thing I intend to detect in your *Weathercock*—life, is your *darling Vices*, and mercenary *Recantation*; I call em so, as you did not Recant of your Nonconformity, as you think *Presbyterian Ordination* invalid, (for I could name two *Laymen* that you perswaded to turn Preachers, that were never ordain'd at all) or that the Dissenters are guilty of *schism* in going to separate Meetings (for I prove the contrary in the third Part of my *Preaching Weathercock*) but meerly in hopes of better Preferment in the Church of England, than a Man of your MEAN PARTS cou'd ever expect amongst the Dissenters. 'Tis true you are so Ambitious as to call em "your late Brethren, and say, you should be glad (you should have said PROUD) to serve 'em in all Christian Offices (a); but I can assure you, they have no Occasion for such *Weathercocks*, for I heard a Reverend Dissenter say, "You were no credit to the Dissenters, whilst you preacht amongst 'em, and that they were heartily glad they had lost such a rotten Member; and for that Reason they hope you'll never Recant again, tho' in that they are much mistaken, for you have already recanted of your Recantation in *White Chappel* (as I shall prove anon) and 'tis thought if you are not speedily fixt to the established Church, by a good Living, you'll again run the Circle in Recantations among the Dissenters, before you beg a second Admission into the Church, for you have hinted something to this Purpose, since you recanted in *White-Chappel*; and I could tell you where, and to whom, and you'd Name that ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON that sent you Twenty Guineas, without which, you'd have Re-Recanted before this; for 'tis easy to prove that Dissenter that conforms (like you) meerly for the Sake of PREFERMENT, is like some *Weathercocks*, which in a constant and churlish Wind, break fairly towards us, but in a wanton Blast turn Tail; hence it is, that in Matters of PREFERMENT, Pride and Avarice hath for the most Part the Foil; Humility and

(a) See the late Pamphlet intituled, An Epistolary Debate between Mr. William Clarke, a Dissenting Minister, and Mr. William R——dson, now of the Church of England, concerning Episcopal Ordination.

Contentment, the Conquest; *Pride* and *Avarice* stoop basely to the Title, or the Profit, and lose both; but *Humility* and *Contentment*, in a modest Distance, keep aloof till Worth invites 'em, and then they gain both *Honour* and *Profit*; so that it is in the Ways of *PREFERMENT*, as in some *Water-Works*, where one Engine raiseth it, to make it fall more violently, another beats it down that it might mount higher. The Advice then of *St. Peter* comes seasonably here, *Humble your selves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.* (1 Pet. 5.6.) Humble your selves that he may exalt you, as if *Humility* and *Contentment* (with our present State) were so necessary a Disposition to *PREFERMENT*, that without it God might not exalt us; and therefore *Ambitious WILL*, as you have been a *Preaching Weathercock* amongst all Parties, meerly for the sake of *PREFERMENT*, 'tis what you must never expect either in the *Church of England*, or amongst the *Dissenters*; for you *Cant*, *Recant*, and *Re-Recant* meerly for worldly Interest, as I am able to prove by several Witnesses; but I shan't discover those *WORTHY PERSONS* that told me, except (in your next *Recantation*) you deny the Matter of Fact, and then they are ready to prove it, with all the *SECRETS* (of your *Life*, *Conversation*, and *Doctrines*) that go to prove this *WEATHERCOCK-PARADOX*, viz.

That Will — R — dson (lately a *Dissenting Minister*, and now a *Presbyter* of the *Church of England*) will *Cant*, *Recant*, and *Re-Recant*, till (to prove he is no *Schismatick*) he has set his Religion and Conscience to all the Points of the Compass.

Now (SIR) as strange and surprising as this *Paradox* seems, I don't fear to prove it, as your frequent changing your Religion and Party (for the sake of *Preferment*) has represented you speaking in this Manner,

I.

Oh! I am almost mad, 'twould make one so,
To see which way *Preferment's* Game doth go;
I ever thought I had her in the WIND,
And yet I'm cast above Three Years behind.

II.

Three Times already I have turn'd my Coat;
Three Times already I have chang'd my Note;
I'll make it Four, and Four, and Twenty more,
And turn the COMPASS round e'er I'll give o'er.

III.

Love to *Dissenters* I will give no more;
For now I'll only court the *Scarlet Whore*:
I'll ask the *Bishop's Blessing*, and good Night
To *Thomas Goodwin*, and his Child of Light.

IV. Poor

IV.

Poor Man, he wears *his Caps* too much in's Eyes
To be my Guide; No, I must be more wise:
On all my Brethren, I will look awry,
And cry, Stand further off ——— to CALAMY.

V.

Ambition, my great Goddeffs, and my Muse,
Inspire thy *Prophets* all such Arts to use;
As may exalt betwixt this and my Grave,
A *Miter*, or a *Halter*, I must have.

VI.

Tell me (*Ambition*) prithee tell me why,
So many *Dunces* Doctors, and not I?
A Scarlet Gown, I must and will obtain,
I cannot else commence ——— *A Priest in Grain*.

VII.

Amongst the Doctors, I can get no room,
'Till I *Recant*; that is my shameful Doom:
Hang Shame, I'll do it, and my Ends to gain,
I'll *Cant*, *Recant*, and *Re-Recant* again.

VIII.

When I do preach, my *Tears do Trickle down*,
But in my Sleeve (my *Cassock Sleeves* and *Gown*)
I *laugh*, to think how by my whining Trade,
So many Fools in one Day I have made.

IX.

Help me, my Muse, a *New Song* I desire,
By thee may be prepared for the Quire;
That when the *Recantation Sermon's* done,
This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung. ——— Dr. Wild.

Sir, we find this Ingenious Poem of Dr. Wild, exactly ver-
tified in the *Preaching Weathercock*, but more especially in
your late *Recantation at White-Chappel*. 'Twas a saying of a
great Prelate, *A Man of no Religion might easily be of any*; I
can't say that the good Bishop pointed at *Will R——dson* in
that Reflection; but sure I am I have search'd for you in
every Pulpit, but can't find you in your own *Similitude* (or
at least not a *Reasonable Man* in your own Likeness) but
like *Ulysses Crew*, transform'd into the Shape of every Thing
I meet, which makes me think of the Story Dr. Fuller tells
of the *Vicar of Bray*, that in *Henry the Eighth's* Days, was
a *Papist*; in *Eward the Sixth's* Reign, a *Protestant*; in *Queen*
Mary's Time, a *Papist*; and in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time a *Pro-*
testant again; of all which when his Parishioners com-
plain'd to him for making them (and that from the same Pul-
pit and the same Throat) with several Notes and Tones dance
in and out in the Church, as if they were (in Religion too)
dancing

dancing the HAY; he answer'd, " Good People, whatever were
the Premises, I always did and will hold me to this Conclusion,
To live and die Vicar of Bray. — Thus,

I.

The Vicar of Bray,
Turn'd every Day,
For Fear of his Place and his Rhino;
When King Harry the Eight
Was displeas'd with his Mate,
Then Divorces were *Fure Divino*.

II.

When the Pope lost his Crown,
And the King seiz'd his own,
When the Articles made such a Pother;
In one Place did swing
The Traytors to th' King,
And the Hereticks burn in another.

III.

He was too light to choke
With an Halter, or Smoke,
But kept to his Game and his Text Sir:
Now car'd he to burn,
Before 'twas his Turn,
Not in this wicked World but the next, Sir.

IV.

With Queen Mary he was
A Defender of Mass,
But when Betty was once in Possession,
He Idols defy'd,
Yet kept to his Side,
And worshipp'd Diana the Ephesian.

V.

Had it been for his Gain,
He the Turk would maintain,
And ha' preach'd up Old Mahomet's Pigeon.
With a Calc-harden'd Face,
And a Conscience of Brass,
And a WEATHERCOCK for his Religion.

Just such another — VICAR OF BRAY — (or Preaching Weathercock) is Turncoat Will — For with the FANATICKS, you are Demure and Saintish (a) — with HIGH-CHURCH you can rail at Dissenters, and call 'em Schismatics — With the TRIMMERS, you're moderate,

(a) They are your own Words to the Person you hit'd to take the Dissenters Prayers in Short-Hand.

and

and good Natur'd — with the PASSIVE CANTERS, you are as Loyal and Non-resisting as the best of 'em; — with the PAPISTS and NON-JURORS, you can drink the Pretender's Health (or at least, that of his BEST FRIEND, Dr. Sa — rel —). And with ALL PARTIES, you can Conform, Transform, Reform, and turn to any Form for the sake of a good Living: So that 'tis plain — You set your Religion and Conscience to all the Points of the Compass — and are (as I said before) a meer VICAR of BRAY, for you have chang'd your Religion as often as he, only with this Difference, he exchange'd a good Conscience for a Rich Living, and you — (POOR WRETCH —) parted with yours for the infamous Character of being a TURNCOAT with scarce Bread to support you, for had your Conformity put you in better Circumstance, you'd scarce have run sniveling and prying about Town to borrow a single Shilling, and I could tell you of whom; by which you may see your Sin in your Punishment (not in Conforming, simply consider'd, but in conforming meerly for Interest); and your High-Flying Brother (a) tells you as much, for in that scandalous Sermon that he bellow'd out at St. Paul's on the 5th of November (b), he addresses himself to the PREACHING WEATHERCOCKS, in these Words, " You will (says the Doctor to these Turncoats) never be heartily received, never believed cordially, never thought fit to be trusted in any Matter of Weight, you shall be look'd upon as Traytors to your own Party, and ready to retrograde whenever the Wind veers about; you are but Tools to serve a Turn, and tho' you may be caress'd whilst the Party you turn to want such Tools, yet be assur'd you shall meet with Hypocrisy for Hypocrisy, and after you have acted your Part, shall be cast off the Stage: You do but sell your selves Slaves to Enemies that shall treat you with Insolence, Disdain and Tyranny, unless you go the whole Length of their Party, and stick at nothing till you run on from one extream to a quite contrary,

So have I seen the Dean of Paul's
(Irenicum withdrawn),
Shifring about to blow the Coals
Of Rome against Dissenting Souls,
All for the Sleeves of Lawn.

But assure your self that your Turning thus with every Wind, gains you neither Credit, nor Profit, but makes you,

(a) Dr. Sacheverel.

(b) See my Answer to Dr. Sacheverel's Sermon, preach't at St. Paul's, November 5th, 1709. intituled, The Bull-Baiting, &c. Sach — dress'd up in Fire-works.

a Sort of *Preaching Jest*, or *Vicar of Bray* to the serious Christian of all Parties, and the very Scorn and Aversion of the *High Flyers*: So that you have made a fine Piece of Work of your *Recanting in White-Chappel*, for Dr. S———ll tells you plainly, that all Turncoats are FALSE BRETHREN, (or Tools to serve a Turn) and that after they have acted their Part, they'll be his'd off the Stage, and in this one Thing I shall ever be of the Doctor's Opinion; for certainly that Man that betrays his Religion and Party, in pretending to defend them (as you did in your late Recantation) and writes and preaches round to all the Points of the Compass, is metaphorically speaking—— *A Preaching Weathercock*—— and ought to be expos'd as such.

Sir Fickle—P'll then take you as I find you (turning with every Wind) and describe to you, your *Weathercock-Life* in those various Shapes you appear in (which are Thirty Two, just as many as there are Points in the *Compass*, for the *Turncoats* and *Marriners* sail by the same Number of Points) and for that Reason I would have Men of such *CONSTANCY* put to Sea, that their Business might be every Thing, and their Intent every where: This (*Sir*) I shall prove to be your *Character* throughout the whole Course of your Life, (but more especially in every *Pulpit* you came in) and for that Reason I call you—— *The Preaching Weathercock*.

Thus (*Mr. R——dson*) have I given you—— *A General Character of the Preaching Weathercock*—— and shewn how he *TURNS ROUND* in—— *Infancy, Childhood, Youth and Manhood*—— but more especially in the *Pulpit* (or *Pratling Box*, as *John L——* is was wont to call that sacred Place, where like a meer *Turncoat*, he *preacht one thing and liv'd another*). But I fear this—— *General Character of the Preaching Weathercock*—— (tho it detects several *SECRETS* in your vile Life, that have hitherto lain conceal'd yet) will scarce be *PARTICULAR* enough to touch and awaken your seer'd Conscience; P'll therefore proceed here to a more *PARTICULAR HISTORY* of your *Turncoat-Life*, since you have been ordain'd; and I shall be thus *PARTICULAR* and *BOLD* in exposing your secret Vices, in hopes to reform your Life, and then the *LITTLE AMBITION* of desiring to be reputed very *Ingenious*, and of wearing a *Gown and Cassock* (of which more anon) will be all lost in an endeavour to be found faithful, which can never be except (*Sir FICKLE*) you lead your Hearers by *EXAMPLE* in the Ways of *Purity, Meekness, Charity, Forgiveness* and *STEADFASTNESS* in Religious Principles, which were never yet found in a *Preaching Weathercock*, and therefore can never be expected in *Will——R——dson*, except (as a late Author observes) “*To Diligence in your Ministry, you add an exemplary*”

“*Con-*”

“ Conversation, shining as a Light in a dark World, living in
 “ an Agreement with what you read, and pray and preach; for
 “ how shou’d your Hearers think you believe those Doctrines your
 “ self, that you preach to others, if you don’t prove their Reality,
 “ by an humble, chaste and mortified Life: For if this be wanting,
 “ tho’ you could preach as an Angel, it will not profit you in the
 “ Great Day, as is evident from that Passage in St. Mat. xxii.
 “ 23. fit to be engraven on the Front of your Study, on your Desk,
 “ and Pulpit, and much more upon your Heart. — But,
 “ SIR,) what little Regard you have had to this Character of
 “ a Faithful Minister, (either among the Dissenters, or since you
 “ were ordain’d a Presbyter of the Church of England) will appear
 “ by those PARTICULAR DISCOVERIES, I am now going
 “ to make of your vile and scandalous Life.

And the Method I shall here take, is — First, to prove you
 Weathercock in Vice and Errour. — And next a Turn-
 coat in Religion or Preaching Weathercock. And by being VE-
 RY PARTICULAR in these Discoverys, I shall fully prove
 his strange and surprizing Paradox, that — Will. R — dson,
 (who proues he is no Schismatick) has set his Religion and Conscience,
 on all the Points of the Compass. — And here I shall first prove
 you — A Weathercock in Vice and Error; — (Or shall
 shew how you have turn’d round in all kinds of Debauchery
) and the First vicious Point that I shall detect in your
 Weathercock Compass, is your — Caterwauling — (or sensual
 and Cupboard Amours) with the vile consequences of that Whoring
 Jealousy, Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying Damning the Dissenters,
 and other Extravagance, that has attended your Marriage
 with that Young, Chaste and Beautiful Creature, who (as she’s
 now made one of the SAME Flesh with a Proteus Husband, I
 ought to salute with the Title of Mrs. Weathercock.

But Wife ne’er mind your fickle Lofs,
 Or at Inconstancy repine,
 Since only Change cou’d make him thine,
 When he another’s was.

— (Sir Fickle) ’twill appear by the secret History of
 Caterwauling, that you are as great a Weathercock in
 Religion as you are in Vice. Nay, even Love it self is a Wea-
 thercock, for Love is of the Nature of a Burning-Glass,
 which kept still in one place fireth, changed often it doth no-
 thing. Love is such a hidden Cancer, it fixes not in the Face
 where it may be seen, nor Pulse where it may felt, but on
 the Heart (where tho’ it be very pungent) it abides no longer
 the same Passion, (but changes its Quality) upon the first
 appearance of a more tempting Object, than that which
 produc’d the first Affection: Love is therefore a Weathercock,
 (a kind of glowing Coal) which shifting from Hand to

Hand, a Man may easily endure; and if Love be a Weathercock, the Lover is so by a natural Consequence. Yes, (SAY FICKLE) if there be a Weathercock in the World, 'tis the *Doating Fool*; for your right stark staring Lover, like *Will R——dson*, will turn this Way, and that Way, become a *Dog in a Halter*, or anything for the Sake of his Mistress; but then (like a Weathercock) he never keeps long to the *Point of Love*; for *Marry in haste, and repent at Leisure* is your Case; (and somebody's else that shall be nameless) so 'tis plain from your *caterwauling* sort of Courtship, (I call it so to distinguish your sensual and Cup-board Amours from those which are Chast and lasting,) that you are as good as a Weathercock in Love, as I shall prove (anon) you are in Religion; for as *Flatman* says.

*The Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other,
Ne'er yet felt the Pangs of a desperate Lover.*

And this I take to be your Case, or suppose your Wife cou'd have *Fixt* your Heart for a few Years, yet still you be but an — *Amorous Weathercock*: — For 'tis one of the least and most tolerable Inconveniences of that whimsical or Weathercock-Passion LOVE, that it turns the Brains of a man it seizes, and makes them so ridiculous, that 'tis impossible to pity 'em without laughing at 'em, for who looks so like a Fool as a Man in Love; you put Love in the Stocks, when you guide it by Art and Wisdom: If Love admits Discretion, if it ponder, and consider, search and compare, and judge, and then resolve, 'tis Policy not Affection; Love never leads it; still transports the Motions that it feels, are Fury, Rapture, and Extacy; Oh! My Angel! my Angel! Cry'd Reverend Tom. *K——ton*, when *Emilia* frown'd. However Love being a Weathercock, can turn every Way for Satisfaction, for if there be poison to be dissolved, Loves mingles it, or if there be Halts fasten'd wherewith to strangle, Love weaves and ties them: So that I make your Caterwauling the first Point of your Vicious Course, as 'twas the very Foundation of all your Dotage and Folly.

But perhaps you'll say, if wise Men han't been in Love, do they marry? — a shrewd Argument. And who did so that was well in his Wits? 'Tis true that Men of the Greatest sense, may sometimes over-strain their Heads with thinking, and get a little delirious, and in that Fit, Nature falls upon them like a Coward when they are down, and pops 'em into Marimony, and when once their Horns are fast in the Brake, let 'em get out again how they can. Han't you heard, Sir Fickle, of a Grave Don, who when he had married his Maid, frankly own'd, that there was no Reason below the Girdle, — and he never gave a more Right

Judgment: Suppose then at worst; that a wise Men should have been in Love, 'tis as a Fool not as a wise Man, he for the time parts with his Wisdom, puts off his Politick, and appears in his Personal Capacity, unless you'll rather say, that as the Gods are fabled to have done, he disguises himself to descend among Mortals; This I shall affirm, 'tis no Part of his Wisdom, he's drawn into't by a meer Trick, and Falacy of Nature; 'tis that he would if he cou'd avoid, like sleeping or other less handsom Actions. 'Tis certain no wise Man wou'd ever be in Love, if he knew how to help it, because it makes him look like a Fool. And no Man can doubt this, that reads, — *The secret History of your Caterwaulings, and the vile Consequences of it.* — as 'twas sent to me in the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton, — as to Mr. R — dson's Caterwauling, (or sensual and Cupboard Amours) I can assure you since he came to London, he has courted many young Women, but did it only for the Entertainment he found with them or their Friends, so that he has been a Cupboard as well as a Sensual Lover; for where he has courted any Woman, he has always endeavour'd to borrow something. He borrow'd a Silver Tankard of an Acquaintance of his present Wife, and some Silver Spoons, but instead of sending them home as he promis'd to do, he pawn'd both the Tankard and Spoons, and when they were call'd for, he was forc'd to pawn his Watch to redeem them.

After Mr. R — dson had spent some Time in these Cupboard Amours, his Name was up, and now he may lie in Bed which he cannot comfortably do without a Bed-fellow; which he soon finds out, for now Weathercock-Will. having no Reins to check him, in the Career of Youth, and being fir'd with the Darts of Lightning, thrown down from the dazzling Eyes of Madam B — — — — —, Daughter of S — — — gate, he began to dispise Cupboard Love, and to grow as mettlesome as the Steeds of Phaeton. Oh! how did he gaze himself into Admiration, when he first saw so rich a Treasure as Madam B — — — — —, in so pure a Cabinet; unmask'd Vertue in a matchless Beauty, (for all Lovers are blind, and think their Mistress the only Rarity.) However if you'll believe a Lover, CANONICAL WILL, found so many Charms in every Part of his Mistress, as made his Heart her own, before he knew where he was, or could consult with his Reason, There was now something in her Eyes, so Glorious, and so sweet, that every new Visit, made a Conquest of some Part of his Heart, 'till the whole was subdued. Every one submits to the Power and Force of Beauty, without knowing why; its native Charms, captivates the Senses, excites veneration, and gains

gains a Preheminence over *Valour, Discretion, Prudence* and *Majesty it self*; It humbles the Proud, turns a Miser into a Prodigal, and converts a savage Nature into a Dread and Compassion. Then no wonder that Madam *B* — (in whom Nature and Art have done their utmost to render charming,) made such an *Absolute Conquest* of her Reverend (but *Weathercock*) Lover at first Interview. However, *Cloris*, (for so i'll call her) tho' a perfect Mistress of all the winning Subtilties, useful to foment the warm Desires of a young Admirer; mixing her *Freedom*s with a seeming Coyness, he cou'd not entirely possess her Heart, 'till after Two Months close and constant Siege, *Cloris* giving him room all that time, to play between the *Two Poles of Love, Hope* and *Dispair*: By which we may see that he that ventures upon Love, will meet with *Precipices, Boggs, Briars* and *whirlpools* in the Way, where many are cast down, sunk, torn and drowned. I heard of a *Welchman*, that went a wooing with a Gun upon his Shoulder, being resolv'd (it seems) if Love be a *Warfare*, not to enter unarm'd into the *Camp of Venus*, still as his coy *Aminta* shifted from his Presence, he march'd musketeering about the Room, and as fiercely persud'd her, as *WILL.* did Madam *B* — in the Time of Courtship till at last in the brisk Encounter, of a close *Embrace*, this warlike Instrument took an Occasion somewhat unmannerly to go off, and *Blunderbuss'd* the Mistress on her Breech on one Side of the House, and the poor Booby on his Nose on the other; so that being much dismay'd at this unhappy Accident, one scrambled one way, and the other another, to the total Separation of a Pair of Lovers, and the utter spilling a MESS of Love. I can't say Mr. *R* — son courted Madam *B* — in this HOSTILE MANNER, (tho' he stickled hard for a *Lieutenants Commission*, and was such a meer *Weathercock*, that he cou'd turn either to the *Camp* or the *Pulpit*, or any Way for a Living;) yet this I assert that the Lover who escapes the best in *Caterwauling*, for the most part comes off but very scurvily: How often did *Hercules* wish he was well quit of his Mistress *Mitrida*; *Paris*, of *Hellen*; and even *CANONICAL WILL.* (as much as he doated before Marriage) cou'd scarce keep *Fondness* or *Constancy* enough in him, to love thro' the usual Time of *Honey Moon*; and yet before ENJOYMENT, (if you dare believe him) Madam *B* — made so compleat a *Conquest* of his whole Heart, that nothing but her merciful Smiles and tender Usage, cou'd save his languishing Spirits from a speedy Expiration.

Thus did the Reverend Lover, labour under the scorching Violence of his flaming (but *WEATHERCOCK*) PASSION, till with a few canting Sighs and Tears, he had swept, away all

all hesitation, and made a clear Passage to the *Ears*, and then to the *Heart* of his admird *Cloris*, tho' I really think he that can love such a *Weasel-Fac'd, Saddle-Nos'd, Wall-Ey'd, Hatchet-Headed, White-Liver'd Parson as Will-- R-----dson*, may love any thing; the Consideration of which perhaps makes him so jealous pated; however *Cloris* being at last satisfied with the zealous Delivery of his Sermons, from liking his Doctrine she falls to loving his Person, for whatsoever good his Preaching does upon Mens Souls, it works mightily upon Womens Affections; so that now he accosts her, and like a *Canting Weathercock*) woos her in the Language of *Canaan*.

Thus (Mr. Dunton) I have sent you a few *Secrets* concerning *Will-- R-----dson's Caterwauling*, and have just given you a glimpse of his *GODDESS* (I mean that chaste and beautiful Nymph he so greatly caress'd and doated on before Marriage), but *Will-----* being always a *Weathercock in Love as well as in Religion* as to his *Constancy* after Marriage, ----- further saith not this Deponent; but that I am

Your sincere Friend and humble Servant G-----S-----

However (Sir Fickle) that I may keep you and your charming *Cloris* happy as long as I can, I'll still suppose you *UNMARRY'D*; for so long as you continued single, if there be an *Angel* upon Earth (I mean an *Angel* in Petticoats) certainly (thought doating *Will*) *Cloris* was that very *Angel-- In Angel, a Goddess-- A Sun, a Moon, an----- all the seven stars together*; nay, she was the *Milky Way*; she had hundreds of Thousands of little Vertues and Graces, and Beauties and Charms, that none cou'd distinctly see, unless he look'd thro' the *Telescope of Love*, tho' all the World perceiv'd them in a Lump, lightning and glaring quite cross the Horizon whenever *Cloris* appear'd abroad unclouded ----- Pray Mr. Critick don't be troublesome ----- I know you'll tell me *Love is blind*; and how should he see what other People can't, when he does not so much as see what they can ----- I'll answer this by an easy Experiment, Don't Children see a hundred fine gaudy Things in the Dark, which they cou'd never discover, unless they were without Light. Then (Mr. *Weathercock*) do but try a Trick I'll tell ye, and then you'll trouble me no more with such frivolous Objections, *Wink as hard as you can*, and let me take you a good swinging close sweep by the Nose, and if I don't make you see as many Stars as nothing as you did in *Cloris* (for the whole Time you courted her) why then I'll throw away my Pen, and never write *Weathercock* more ----- Just at the same Rate does that *Arch Wag Cupid* lead us poor silly Captives as we are, lead us by the *Patient Nose* from Post to Pillar, and from Pillar

Pillar to Post (*Weathercock-like*) hither and thither, and no body knows where, after no body knows who; and when the Show (or Courtship) is over, we our selves can't tell for what;—or at least the *Weathercock-Lover* (*Will—R—dson*) cou'd not, for (till *Cloris* came to Age) most of her *Rubies and Pearls* were those of her *Teeth and Lips*, and she wore more sparkling *Diamonds* in her *Eyes*, than either on her *Fingers*, or in her *Cabinet*; but had she much or had she little you admir'd her, you ador'd her; you rav'd, stamp'd, strom'd, frett'd, fum'd, foam'd, and wanted nothing but a chain, a grate, and a *Truss of Straw* to have made you as mad as any in *Bedlam*, then wou'd you fall a *Rhiming* (for that's the infallible Token of a true stanch fall-back fall-edge Lover); but you being no more a Conjuror at Verse than you are at *True-Spelling* (of which more anon) you then fell to *PROSE-LOVE*, in which (as the secret *Memoirs* inform me) you went as far as any Man——*Stabbing, Dying, Groaning, Hanging* you made nothing of, 'twas your daily Employment and Recreation, and you cou'd at last eat *Knives*, or *Rats-bane* as fast as a *Jugler*; you grew careless toward any thing else but *Cloris*; you cou'd neither See, Hear, Taste, Smell, nor understand any thing in the World but what related to your charming Mistress (as you call'd her) with a little more heroick Turn than *Plain Mistress*; and now (but take Notice you were such a *Weathercock* in Love, all this Dotage was before Marriage) shou'd an *Evangelist* with an *Angel* at his *Elbow* have told you, that Goddess of your Soul (*Cloris*) had so much as one Speck of Deformity, one single Mole either in Body or Mind (I mean had he said that she was either a *Wh—* or in the least inclin'd to it) you wou'd have said——By your leave Mr. *Evangelist*——I must suspend my Faith——Thus much wou'd you have said to his Face out of Civility, but behind his Back no more have valu'd his Testimony than the *Alcoran*——No——your *Priest Pure* had such a Soul it shin'd through her Body, and such a Body you might see her Soul through't, which some may think much at one, but however there's a different Conception in't or in plainer English shews in what Manner——*The Love-Weathercock*——turns round

And now much Joy t'ye; for *Will—R—dson* enjoys his Mistress, but whether *Cloris* will find him constant is not altogether so certain; 'tis a common complain that the *Devoutest Preachers* are not always the *Kindest Husbands*, nor does the rest of their Conversation answer that Affection that they make shew of in a Pulpit——*Poor Cloris finds it so*——for tho' she never wanted the Ornaments of a meek and quiet Spirit, yet her *steadfast Vertues* (for she's Mrs. *Weathercock* only in Name) and something else, made her to be slighted

not scorn'd by her late Adorer; and this leads me to detect that Wh—ing, Jealousy, Drunkenness, Fighting, Swearing, Lying and other Extravagance, that was the vile Consequence of your Caterwauling, which Weathercock-Turn in your Carriage to your charming Angel (who now you damn for a Wh—) brings to my Mind several English Proverbs, as — Love me little, love me long — Violent things never last — — Soon hot, soon cold — for that Proverb — All Honey, or all T—d, is now verifi'd in your abusing that kind and excellent Wife Mrs. Weathercock, for now being disappointed of that large Portion you expected with Cloris, and finding it hard to live, you conform in hopes of Preferment, and from that hungry or forc'd Conformity, arises your Aversion to Cloris the best of Wives; so that now from loving so unanimously, that every Day seem'd the first of your Marriage, you fall to quarrelling and fighting, and at last to suspect her Vertue, tho' for no other Reason than a Sense of your own Guilt; 'tis true your Wife, after she had bedded you, finding you had no Estate, or settled Income by preaching, had Reason enough to be out of Humour, but I can't hear that she ever was, being so great a Stoick (and so strictly modest) she might pass for — The Woman never next — Then who but a Town-Bull cou'd be jealous of such a Wife; however, jealous you are (as I said before) from a Sense of your own Guilt, which is so notorious in you — Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying, and other Extravagance, that you are a Sort of Universal Sinner, as well as Universal Turncoat, and the first instance I shall give of this, is your SECRET ADULTERIES (that are no Hear-says, but prov'd upon you by Affidavit).

No Person that has the Compassion and Charity of a Christian can think it a Project attended with any Delight or Satisfaction, to expose the Whoredoms and secret Miscarriages of any Party of Men; it must be own'd that Charity, which our Religion has taught us, covers a multitude of Sins, and shou'd make us willing to connive at, and bury in Silence those Errors which are the necessary Consequences of Flesh and Blood; but when the Lewdness and Whoredoms of some MEN (and which is yet worse of some MINISTERS) are arriv'd to that Perfection as to Out-face the Sun, and even exceed belief, when they are not contented to sin alone, but begin to debauch others, and even their own hearers; no Man that has any Sense of such leud Practices, and of so horrid a Profanation of God's Sacred Name, but must think himself under a very great Obligation (as far as in him lies) to detect such abominable Leudness, and he that does not, encourages, or at least approves of their Scandalous Whoredoms; Adultery, Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying and

damning the Dissenters, are great and heinous Sins in a LAYMAN, and whoever has been guilty of them, ought presently and sincerely to repent of them, with a Resolution never to commit 'em again; but when these VICES are found in a CLERGY-MAN (and in that scandalous Manner as they are practis'd by our *Preaching-Weathercock* CANONICAL WILL——) they are then Sins of a scarlet dye (or more aggravated than they are in other Men) and are doubtless the chief Cause of that *Great Atheism, and Irreligion* that abounds amongst us: *The leud and wicked Life of a Clergyman being the best Argument an Atheist has to defend either his Principles or Practice.*—Ye are the Salt of the Earth, saith our Saviour to his Disciples (with an especial Respect I suppose to their future *Apostolical Function*) certainly there is a double Portion of Knowledge, and a greater Measure of Prudence, and a higher Strain of Piety and exemplary Devotion requir'd in them that are SPIRITUAL GUIDES, than others: The Copy must be writ fair, or the Schollar will suffer a great Disadvantage. Men had need be very wise, and very good, that lead others; and tho' the Ministerial Office be full of Duty and Burden and Temptation, that ought to be a stronger Argument to Caution and Diligence; but what Motive has it been to you, who have been a Universal Sinner, as well as a Universal Turncoat, and for that Reason (Mr. *Weathercock*) I think it necessary that this *Caterwauling Point of your Compass* shou'd contain a brief Narrative of the *Secret Adulteries of Will—R—dson*, who preaches like an Angel, but wallows in all Sorts of Uncleannefs, as if he believ'd neither God nor Devil; and indeed (*Sir Fickle*) your preaching so well, and living so ill, will admit of no other Construction than this, *That Canonical Will—— is an absolute Atheist*; or if any one doubt whether you be thus leud and debauch'd, let 'em read the following Affidavit of Mrs. M—— H—— now living in *Shadwell*, as 'twas sworn before Justice *Frampton*, and deliver'd into my own Hands by the Deponent her self, in the Presence of her Husband Mr. J—— H——

The Affidavit of Mrs. M—— H—— now living in Shadwell, concerning Mr. Will—R——dson's frequent Attempts to debauch her.

Middl^x.ss. M—— H—— the Wife of J—— H—— of the Parish of *St. Paul Shadwell*, in the said County of *Middlesex*, maketh Oath, that Mr. W—— R——dson, now Minister of *Alisbury-Chappel* in *St. John's Clarkenwell*, in the said County of *Middlesex*, for two Years and a half last past, hath at diverse Times attempted to debauch

bauch this Deponent, he knowing at the same Time that this Deponent had a Husband living; at first by buying a Ring of her, and giving double the value for it; then by inviting this Deponent to go abroad with him, and by carrying her when abroad to a blind Ale-house, wanting to go up Stairs, and using unbecoming Actions, as Squeezing this Deponents Hand, and trampling upon her Feet, kissing her, and using Expressions of Love; and that soon after, he came on a Sabbath Day from Preaching to this Deponents House, and with eagerness wou'd run his Hands into this Deponents Bosom, and at the same Time kifs this Deponent, and thrust his Tongue into her Mounth, and offer to put his Hands up her Coats; and offer'd, if this Deponent wou'd go to London, to give her a Gold Chain, and then snatch'd a Hankerchief from this Deponent, and said wou'd keep it for her Sake, and give as good a Thing in lieu of it; all which Matters and Things this Deponent abhorring, was obliged to be very rough with him, and had much trouble to get him out of the House, and on another Sabbath Day being to hear him, he afterwards told this Deponent, that as soon as he saw this Deponent (he being then Preaching) he was in such an Agony, he knew not what he said, or how he went on; at other times afterwards, he often said to this Deponent, He was not able to live through the extravagant Affection he bore towards this Deponent; and many other Things which this Deponent cannot now remember, all under a Pretence to this Deponent's Husband of making a Profelise of this Deponent, but this Deponent often warn'd him not to come to the House; so that at last he forbore for fear of being exposed, &c. And this Deponent further saith not, &c.

Jurat coram me

3 Die Januarij

Anno. Dom. 1711.

Thomas Frampton.

The Mark of

† †

M ——— H ———

It was wittily said of one——— " That he that does not love his Wife is a Fool for his own sake, and a greater Coxcomb if he has not Wit enough to make her believe he loves her——— for there is a resistless charm in Kindness that secures our own Peace and Quiet, and disarms and captivates an engaged Fury, and clips the Wings that were ready to fly into the Embraces of an Interloper (or Cuckold-maker). Love is persuasive and attractive, and there are but few such Monsters among the fair Sex, but what will love where they think they are beloved, which is the very Case between Mr. ——— and his Wife, for he dearly loves her, and she (like a kind and faithful Wife) returns Love for Love, as will

fully appear by the Remarks I shall make on this Affidavit, and the frequent Attempts our Preaching Weathercock made to debauch her. — *Debauch her!* What a Clergyman (and one that pretends to leave the Dissenters for fear of being a Schismatic) attempt to debauch a marry'd Woman! and that DIVERSE TIMES! Who can read this Discovery (or Affidavit) without Trembling and without Amazement! Why (Sir Fickle) does the Caterwauling Point of your Compass turn to no W ——— dom but that of Adultery? What will no Uncleanneſs ſatisfy your Carnal Appetite but Conjugal Perjury? If Fornication be a heinous Sin in a Clergyman, what muſt Adultery be? But with you ——— *Stolen Waters are ſweet*, or at leaſt you think 'twill conceal your W ——— doms, *to cut of a Loaf that has been cut of before.* — But, Sir, how dare you preach up the Neceſſity of a Chaſt Life, and at the ſame time attempt to debauch other Mens Wives? For being a Husband your ſelf (as well as a Clergyman) you can't but know that a good Marriage, if it be really ſo, is a ſweet Society of Life, full of Conſtancy, Truſt, and an infinite Number of uſeful and ſolid Offices and mutual Obligations; that ſo few are obſerved to be happy, is an Argument of its Price, and Value; a Man may prudently manage his Liberty while he has it in his own Power; but 'tis in vain to kick when a Man has once put on his Fetters, for having ſubmitted to the Obligation, he muſt confine himſelf (as Mr. H ——— and his Wife does) within the Laws of Conjugal Duty, at leaſt do what he can towards it, but you were ſo far from regarding the Husband's Oath, or Duties of Marriage, that you attempted diſſerſe Times to debauch Mrs. H ———, tho' you knew ſhe had a Husband living, not once conſidering that no BLIND ALEHOUSE can hide you from God's All-ſeeing Eye; and that your Sin will find you out; you can't but know the Story of Paphnutius, who is reported to convert a Harlot by this Means: Pre-tending Love, he deſir'd (like you) to be brought into the moſt private Room ſhe had (perhaps as dark as that blind Ale-houſe you carry'd Mrs. H ——— to) but ſtill he found fault, and complain'd to her, that *he was afraid ſome Eye would ſee him*; to which ſhe answer'd, *None can ſee thee here but only God*; to which he reply'd, *And doſt thou think that God ſees thee, and yet wilt play the Harlot?* which he ſo enforce'd, that it prevail'd upon her to a thorough Change of Life: And I heartily wiſh Mrs. H ———'s abhorrence of your Leud Propoſal, and now publiſhing this Affidavit of your frequent Attempts to debauch her, may have the ſame Effect upon Will ——— R ———'ſon as Paphnutius Words had on the Penitent Harlot; or at leaſt, that you'll think of God's All-ſeeing Eye the next time you carry a marry'd Woman

Woman to a blind Ale-house, with a design to debauch her,
 say — *A marry'd Woman*, — for I cant hear that you ever
 tempted any Women to Leudness but such as are marry'd;
 or in P. 6. we find you debauching a H — ter's Wife
 at Wapping, and by this Affidavit of Mrs. H — we
 find you have used all the deluding Arts you cou'd think of,
 to make a C — ld of that truly honest Man Mr. F —
 H — of Shadwell — A — to the Wapping Ad — try,
 was related to me by a very credible Person, but as he
 that made the Discovery only had it by Hearsay, a Hearsay is
 all the Proof I pretend to make of your HORNING the
 W — ing H — ter, but there is seldom any Smoke but
 their is some Fire, and for that Reason I fear you have been
 leud with the H — ter's Wife in Wapping, as you
 you'd have been with Mrs. H — of Shadwell, had not
 her strict Vertue set her above the Temptation of a Gold
 chain, and the deluding Tongue of a Preaching-Weathercock;
 and tho' Ill be possitive in none of my Accusations against
 you but what I can fully prove, yet I see little Reason to
 believe you innocent of the Wapping Adultery, for whoever
 reads the Affidavit Mrs. H — made of — your fre-
 quent Attempts to debauch her — of your offering to put your
 hands up her Coats on a Sabbath Day, after you came from
 preaching, — and thrusting your Tongue into her Mouth in a
 loud and beastly manner, can't think you'll scruple the vilest
 Act of Uncleanness that ever was practic'd in — THE
 SCHOOL OF VENUS — Then suppose your Wapping Ac-
 cuser shou'd be mistaken as to the Time and Place of your
 Whoredoms (as I don't think he is) yet sure I am you
 cant be wrong'd by the leudest Report that is spread about
 you, seeing 'tis sworn before Justice Frampton) that the
 Waterwauling-Point of your Weathercock, turns from Preaching
 to Wh — ing, and from Wh — ing to Preaching, till it
 turns ROUND to all the Points in Conjugal Perjury; for if (as
 our Saviour speaks) He that looks upon a Woman to lust after
 her, has committed Adultery with her already in his Heart; To
 be sure then he that KISSES the Mouth, SQUEEZES the
 Hand, or TRAMPLES upon the Feet of a marry'd Woman,
 in that unbecoming and leud Manner (as Mrs. H —
 wears Will — R — dson did) is as much an ADUL-
 TERER in the Sight of God, as he that has lain with Five
 hundred Women: An Italian visiting St. Paul's Church,
 and seeing it full of Horses, " Now I perceive, said he, that
 England Men and Beasts serve God alike: Sir, would not
 any one be tempted to think so, that shall happen to hear
 the Canonical Will — came out of a Pulpit — to thrust
 a Tongue into the Mouth of a marry'd Woman — an Act so
 beastly and leud, that it puzzles all Invention, and comes

a Novelty to History; for my own Share as long as I have liv'd in the World, I never heard before of such a beastly Action.—Why (*Sir Fickle*) this TONGUE-ADULTERY (if I don't give it too good a Name) will make you appear so Black and Horrid, that even BEASTS (such as Goats, Bears and Elephants) that observe some Sort of Modesty in their Copulation, will be asham'd for the future of your Society; but you are such a Reprobate in Vertue, that your being a Scandal to Beasts will little disturb you, for I find by that Hours Conversation I had at *Shadwell* with Mrs. H—— (who, without Flattery, is a Pattern to all the Women in England, for a Chast, Kind and Loyal Wife) that those leud Practices, which singly acted breed despair in others, you act daily and never think upon them at all. Sir, had not your Conscience been harden'd in Sin, cou'd you have told Mrs. H—— (and that on a Sunday, after you came from Preaching) “*That she no sooner came into the Church where you was Preaching, but you was in such an Agony, you knew not what you said, or how you went on——*” And all this occasion'd (as the Affidavit proves) “*through the Extravagant Affection you had for her—— Extravagant Affection!* You mean Extravagant Lust, for what a vain Fool is *The Caterwauler*, when we find nothing more common than for the *Ravisher*, the *Incestuous*, the *Adulterer*, (and sometimes the *Murderer*) to plead LOVE, (or Extravagant Affection) to excuse them, which therefore shou'd seem not only a Pretence for the Blackest Villanies, but even the Cause of them. LEUD WRETCH! Does your Extravagant Affection lie in courting a marry'd Woman—— Putting your Tongue into her Mouth and Hands up her Coats—— And after that in tempting her to defile her Husband's Bed, by GILDING over the leud Temptation with these Words, “*Why should you scruple to lie with me, for if you be in a State of Grace, you'll certainly be saved, live as you please——*” which *Libertine-Doctrine* and leud Proposal Mrs. H—— rejected with the utmost Abhorrence, as well knowing that “*A Feeble Denial is a modest Assent:* but Sir, I challenge the Devil to bait his Hook more artificially than you did in these Words, to tempt a virtuous Wife from her Husband's Bed; —— You a Clergy-man, —— you a Beast —— you a Monster —— *Eustatius Bishop of Epiphanius* had his Heart so surpriz'd with only Notice of the Prophanation of a Church, that he fell down dead in the Place, making himself a Tomb furnish'd with the Triumphs of his own Piety, a thousand Times more precious than Gold and precious Diamonds: What wou'd this good Bishop have said (or rather how many Deaths wou'd he have dyed) had he liv'd to see such a *Prophaner of Churches* —— (or Monster in Life and

and Doctrine) as Will—— R——dson, who is such a Weathercock in Religion or Preaching Turncoat, that he confutes his Belief by his Course of Life; for at the same time you pretend to Mr. H—— to make a *Proselite of his Wife*, (to use her own Words in her *Affidavit*) you endeavour to make him a C——ld: So that (as I said in the Preface to this Book) “*you have row’d one way and look’d another, throughout the whole Course of your Life.*”

Thus *Secret Ad——ries* have been the *First Consequence of* *any Caterwauling*; —— And I am going to prove *Jealousie* has been the Second: For where is *Guilt*, there ever will be *Jealousie*: And therefore I don’t wonder to see those *Husbands* jealous of their *Wives*, that are lewd themselves; I own——*simple Cuckoldom is no Vice*,——for if the *Wife* will be lew’d, how can the *Husband* help it: For if a *Woman* has a *Mind* to cuckold her *Husband* (or ’tis the *Man’s* *Deity*) she never baulks her *Fancy*; *she that has an ill thing in her head, will soon have it in her tail.* A *Man* may be made as great a *Cuckold* (if his *Wife* is resolv’d upon’t) in the time he goes to the *Royal-Exchange*, as he may in a *Voyage to the East-Indies*; and therefore (as I said before) *simple Cuckoldom is no Vice.* —— But (like Will—— R——dson,) to be jealous of a good *Woman*, is a great *Sin*, and for a *Man* to be *PANDAR* to his own *Wife* is a greater: I own that *Jealousy* is a *Vice* that can’t endure the *Rays of the Sun* and is confin’d to *darkness*) but let the *Vice* be never so abominable, there’s Mr. T—— privy to his own *Cuckoldom*, and Mr. P—— is the same, and I could name several *Husbands*, that hold the *Door to their own Flesh and Blood*, and are what a *Man* may call) *contented Cuckolds*; but the *contented Cuckold* is so mean a *Sinner*, that he’s almost below my *Notice*, his conjugal *Affection* must needs be grown so very cold upon his *Hands*, that he’d scarce feel the *Punishment* of a *Divorce* So that (*Sir Fickle*) to do you *Justice*, the *Jealous Cuckold* is the more honest *Man* of the Two, yet more troublefom than the *contented Cuckold*, for *Jealousie* is the *Rage of Man*, and hath *Eyes* ever so blear’d, that it can’t endure a *Partner* tho’ but in *Imagination*, of which take this remarkable *Instance*; —— *Fustina* was esteemed the finest *Woman* in *Rome*, but had the *Misfortune* to marry a *Jealous headed Husband*, who had no other *Cause of Suspicion* but that (like your charming *Cloris*) she was very beautiful: His *Disease* encreasing for want of *Prudence*, he grew desperate, and seeing her stoop at a certain time to pull off her *Shoe*, which shew’d her wonderful white *Neck*, upon which IMAGINING himself a *Cuckold*, he drew his *Sword* and at one *Blow* cut off her *Head* from her *Body*. Therefore seeing *Jealousie* divideth *Beds*, and often alienates a *Man’s*

Man's Affections from a virtuous Wife, (as is seen in the Case of *Canonical Will*.) I would have every Jealous Husband expos'd, and were I to assign the Punishment, the jealous Cuckold I Mean he who (like *Will — R — dson*) supposes himself a Cuckold before he has any Assurance of it, (except what he infers from his own Guilt or Adulterous Life) shou'd be oblig'd to wear *Two Antlers of a Buck*, upon the Front of his Hat, and never to appear in publick without them, upon pain of *Hunger or Imprisonment* for his Life time. But that shou'd not be all, for to make him yet more *Rediculous*, he should make an *Exchange of his Cloths with his Wife*, and for ever after, walk in *Petticoats*: And in this Dress should *Will — R — dson* (and every jealous Husband) be confin'd to *BEDLAM* during Life, where he'll have Leisure to reflect, and to repent of his former Adulteries, that made him so jealous of his Innocent and Vertuous Wife. This is but a just Measure of Punishment for for doing an Injury to the Virtue of his Wife, and for cuckolding himself in his own Imagination, — so that Jealousie is a GIN, that we set to catch Serpents, which as soon as we have caught them, sting us — like the Fool that finding a Box of Poyson tastes, and is poyson'd indeed. — The Old Egyptians, express in their *Hierozlipicks*, the Passion of Jealousie by a CAMEL, because fearing the worst still about Matters of Venery, he loves Solitudes, that he may enjoy his Pleasures alone, he will (like *Will — R — dson*) quarrel and fight with whosoever comes next, Man or Beast, in his jealous Fits, so that 'tis clear, the purest and most entire Innocence may be injur'd; which Sir Fickle, is the Case of your virtuous Wife, for notwithstanding all her tender Love and Care to oblige you, something grows busy in your Brain, and in the Shape of Jealousie, presents a Thousand Fears; for as there be Serpents which are naturally Enemies to fair Flowers, and as Dogs do not bark against the Moon, but when she is perfect and possesses all her Light; so there be JEALOUS DEVILS who have a particular Spite against pleasing and illustrious Vertues, and it was one of these INFERNAL SPIRITS who empoysn'd the the Mind of *Canonical Will* —, for as to your late pretended Piety, and great Dotage on your Vertuous Wife, (formerly your *Darling Saint*, — your *Angel*, — your *she Phoenix*,) 'tis now all lost in your suspecting her Chastity, and jealousy of her without Cause, but no wonder that a *Preaching Weathercock* that was ever found false to his Promise, and to have acted in shew only in Religion, shou'd grow jealous of a Chast and virtuous Wife, without any Manner of Reason of which — The secret History of your Life — gives this remarkable Instance. "Your vertuous being in-

vited

vited by a certain Captain to Brentford, and being prevented from returning the same Night, you fell into a great Passion, and resolved (they are your own Words) "You wou'd stab the said Captain with your Pen-knife when you had Opportunity for it; and then cry'd in your Passion, "Oh, I am a Cuckold, I am a Cuckold this Night to be sure by the Captain: But Dr. K—(a Dissenting Tutor of a vast Reach, and Fathom of Thought, and universal Schollar) having a Mind to banter you out of your idle Jealousy, Bid you (upon some Discourses he had with you) go your Ways for a contented Cuckold; but whatever you are, I must do you the Justice to tell the Doctor you are ——— no contented Cuckold ——— for your Wife being now with Child, upon your saying, *The Child is none of your own*, you declar'd (to a Person that is ready to prove the Words to your Face) "That your Mother and your Wife, when you were in Bed, fell on you, and beat you till they had given you a black Eye for your Jealousy, which black Eye you shew'd to several Persons to prove how severely you had been CORRECTED, by your kind Wife, and obliging Mother; I call 'em so, as had you fallen into any other Hands (but such a Wife and such a Mother) your base and groundless Jealousy was so provoking, you wou'd scarce have escap'd with your Life, or at least not without GELDING; and indeed you deserv'd it, for Jealousy is a vain, idle foolish and turbulent Disease, when it assaults the Minds of Mankind, and is so notorious in a Clergyman that it makes him a Sort of SELF, or double Cuckold: Nor is Jealousy peculiar to Men only, BEASTS we see are also infected with it; R—— in his Blazon of Jealousy, telleth a Story of a SWAN about Windsor, that finding a strange Cock with his Mate, did swim several Miles after to kill him, and when he had so done, came back and kill'd his Hen—— If Jealousy be thus pernicious even to BEASTS, no wonder when it happens to afflict Men, that it robs them of the Comforts of Life, making them snarl upon every small Occasion; and often (which is your Case with respect to Gloris) without any Cause or Provocation, and when this Jealousy relates to Womankind, and centers in a Wife, 'tis a Homestick Plague that eats and drinks and lodges with him, a GHOST that haunts him, and disturbs all his Affairs both at Home and Abroad—— And as Jealousy distracts even BEASTS and WOMEN, so it turns MEN into a Sort of FURIES; for (Sir Fickle) "In what a Rage was you, because your Wife stay'd all Night at Brentford, tho' 'twas with a Captain of great Honour and Vertue. I know the Jealous Husband (like Will—— R——dson) will tell us that he's uneasy at his dear Spouse, out of stark staring Kindness.

ness. But **YELLOW SIR**, let me tell you, Jealousy's no better Sign. of Love, than Fevers are of Life; they shew there is a Being, tho' impair'd and perishing, and that Affection is sick and in Disorder; and to be sure——*Jealous Wretch*——your Torment is made the greater by your fancying your Suspicion proceeds from **LOVE**.

*For Jealousy is but a kind
Of Clap, and Crincom of the Mind:
The natural Effect of LOVE,
As other Pains and Aches prove.——* Hudibras.

But (*Sir Fickle*) this is so vain an Excuse for your Jealousy, that the Counterpart is only to be found in *Bedlam*, and may rather be call'd Contempt; Reason turn'd into Folly, or Love run besides its Wits; a Frenzy of the Mind,

*Which jealous Men in their wild Actions show,
A Happiness which none but Madmen know——* Dryden.

However (*Mr. Weathercock*) this is certain that the Fever of Jealousy corrupts and defaces all any Husband has, that is Beautiful and Good besides, for there is no Action of a Jealous Man, let him be never so chaste himself, but it relishes of Anger and Rudeness; we have (*Mr. R——dson*) a notorious Instance of this in your own Person, "*For your Wife was no sooner with Child, but (to the Disgrace of your Manhood) you suspected the Child was either got by the the Captain before mention'd, or at least by a certain Chaplin at Fullum, where (with your own Consent) she was absent for some time; but the Chaplin and Captain being both innocent (resolving to prove your self a Cuckold) you then fell to suspecting an honest Colonel that lives in South-wark; and now nothing would satisfy your jealous Pate, but your vertuous Wife must go with you in Person to the suppos'd Cuckold-maker, that she might clear her Innocence, or own her Guilt; your Wife, being wholly innocent, freely offer'd to go with you to the Place desired, but Fickle William not being able to prove himself a Cuckold, sneakingly drop'd his injur'd Wife in Cheapside, without so much as taking his leave of her; Sir, if you resolve to be thus JEALOUS, (without any other Reason but what you infer from your own Guilt) I advise you to GELD your self, for I'll tell you a remarkable Story of an Imaginary Cuckold that cut off his Genitals to cure his Jealousy, and it wrought his Cure; (the Story is this) Johannes Fagubienfis was possess'd with a Jealousy in Nature, (which is generally incurable tho' there be no Occasion to create a Suspicion) he had many*

Invention

Inventions like JEALOUS WILL to detect his Wife; of Unchastity, but all proving ineffectual, he at last hit of a noble Project, that he had no Doubt but wou'd prove infalible, and that was, the Jealous Coxcomb GELDED himself, with this design, that if his Wife after that should prove with Child, it would be an evident Conviction that she was an Adulteress. Sir yours being a Jealousie in Nature, (as that of Fagubiencus was) I don't think any Thing but that of GELDING will cure you, for tho' the Procreation of Children, (or rendring to the Wife Due Benevolence) was one of the Ends of Matrimoney, yet CLORIS being a Woman of TRYED Chastity, she'll much rather live without any sensual Gratification, than to be call'd a W ——— by her own Husband. I confess Sir, if you were a Cuckold, (a SWINGING CUCKOLD) 'tis no more than a Cuckold Maker deserves, for there is no juster Law, saith the Old Poet ——— *Than that those who are the Authors of contriving a Mischief for others, fall into it themselves* — and we have many Instances of such Judgments, ——— Many Men see their Sin in their Punishment. ———

Hamman was hang'd upon the same Gallows that he prepared for Mordecai, ——— The Story of Phalaris's Bull, invented for the Torment of others, and serving afterwards for himself, is notorious in Heathen Story. ——— The Bishop of Mentz, who burnt the Poor of his Neighbourhood in a Barn, and call'd them Rats, was afterwards punish'd to Death with Rats. ——— I have read of a Man that was haul'd out of Doors, in a violent Manner by his own Son, who cry'd to him, Oh! *Pray no farther, for just so far I drag'd my Father.* ———

All these Instances are (doubtless) Divine Judgments by way of Retaliation, so that you see (SIR JEALOUS) that often the very Instrument of our Sin is the Instrument of our Punishment; as a Child that we cocker too much, a Person we love inordinately; any thing we doat upon, and for that Reason ——— *Had you really been a Cuckold* — 'Tis no more than you might justly expect ——— by way of Retaliation ——— But alas, (Mr. Weathercock) this is not, nor never will be your Case, for you were not born under the Sign of Gemini, or had you been an innocent discontented Cuckold, no honest Man wou'd have blam'd you; for this Misfortune of Cuckoldom that excruciates so many Men, is a Self-contracted Disease, not in the Guilt, but in the endeavouring to know it; (yet how zealous was you to carry your Wife to her suppos'd Gallant, tho' you durst not see him) for a worthy Man is lamented, but not disesteem'd for it; Curiosity in Cuckoldry is a meer whim in the whole Series of it, and very pernicious in this Case; for 'tis the Height of Folly to examine into a Distemper for which

there is no Physick that does not inflame and make it worse, of which the Shame grows still more publick By Jealousy, and of which the Revenge more wounds our Prosperity than heals us; 'twas for this Reason—— *You sneakingly dropt your injur'd Wife when she was going to clear her Innocence*—— How miserable then is his Estate that like (*Will—R——dson*) afflicts himself and dies in the search of a Proof, that when known, does but add to his Torment—— Sir, what Satisfaction had it been to your Mind to have known *Cloris* had made you a Cuckold—— *at Brentford*—— *A Cuckold at Fulham*—— and a Cuckold in *Southwark*—— The frequency of Cuckoldom shou'd abate its Virulency, for we no less laugh at him who takes Pains to prevent it, then he who is a Cuckold and does not know it, *The Character of a Cuckold is indelible, who once has it, carries it to his Graves,* and the Punishment proclaims it more than the Fault which is difficult to prevent: What CONVENIENCY (as I hinted before) will not serve their turn in so knowing an Age, therefore Men shou'd be so discreet as to evade this tormenting and unprofitable Knowledge of their own Cuckoldom, and so order Affairs, that their Vertue may either obscure or conquer their Misfortune: But (*Mr. Weathercock*) if you'd neither be a Cuckold, nor deserve that Character, read the following Story of a modest Woman, who had a Husband as Jealous of her as you are of *Cloris*: The Story is this, “ A modest Woman for want of her Husband's Company at home, going often abroad for her innocent Diversion, was reprimanded for it by her Husband, and tho' a Libertine himself took an Opportunity to preach to her the Duties of Obedience, Fidelity and Chastity, and that gadding abroad wou'd give him cause to suspect her Vertue; to which the Wife answer'd in these Words, “ And pray Sir mind 'em, for they are what I'd have *Cloris* say to you the next time you call her W—— or come home drunk, (of which the *Secret Memoirs* give a large Account) “ *Dear Husband, don't afflict your self without Reason, I am as chaste as a Child new born, and my going abroad has never done you any Injury: I am perfectly honest, but to be plain with you, I don't know how long I shall continue so, if you persevere in keeping Company with Whores; Nature you know runs much in parallel Compensation, and giving Turn for Turn; be chaste your self for that shall only keep me so.* “ Sir, I find the Speech of this chaste Wife recorded by *Mr. Wanley*, in his History of Man, and being extraordinary Pat to your CASE (*as a W——ing drunken, jealous Husband*) I was willing to give you a Sight of it, in hopes to reform your MORRALS, which are so wretchedly out of Order, that *Mrs. H——* swears you'd preach and whore on the same Day, which

which fully proves you, *A Conjugal as well as Preaching Weather-*
cock, and the best Character you ever had since your Marriage,
 as that of a *Caterwauling Husband*; and sure I am such a
Whore-d Turncoat must be a very unsuitable Yoke-fellow to
 a sober, chaste and virtuous Wife which you are at
 present blest with: Then, SIR, repent (if you han't com-
 mitted THE UNPARDONABLE SIN) and remember God
 hath ordained the *Nuptial Knot*, for a Bond of Union,
 intended it not only to tie the Hands, but the Hearts of the
 marry'd Couple together also, and therefore cannot be sup-
 posed to wink at the Fault of Unkindness and Unfaithful-
 ness in either Party; even BIRDS, after their Time of
 COUPLING is come (n), dearly love, and are true to their
 mates. The *Paphris* will never associate with any BIRD,
 it pines and dies when the Partner of his Nest is false, and
 — *True as the Turtle Dove* — is the highest Strain
 of conjugal Love can speak in; then I don't wonder (Mr.
Weathercock) that you are so *Inconstant* in your Love to your
 virtuous Wife, and yet so zealous to clear your self of
 your frequent Attempts to make a C — d of Mr. H —
 when we find few MEN (tho' as vile and leud as your self)
 scarce BIRDS themselves can bear the Sight of a Mate
 that is false to 'em.

Thus (SIR FICKLE) have I fairly detected your *Cater-*
wauling (or sensual and Cupboard Amours) which I call
 — *The first vicious Point of your Weathercock Compass* —
 I shall next discover — *The vile Consequences of that*
Idleness, Jealousy, Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying, damning
Dissenters, and other Extravagance — that has attended
 your *Caterwauling* and *Marriage State*: And here I shall trace
 you under ground, and bring to light those *Vile and Secret*
Practices that have made you a CONJUGAL PROTEUS, (or
 marry'd Changeling) or rather a Sort of Madman, in your
 false and unnatural Carriage to your Wife and M — r.

The first Discovery I shall here make, is to tell the World
 that you are so far from leaving the Dissenters from Con-
 science and Conscience (as you cantingly tell us in your
 plantation) — *That you come home many Times at very unsea-*
sonable Hours, and make your tender Wife rise out of her Bed,
and stand trembling in the Cold, till she be ready to die with it,
before she knows whether she may lie down or go into another Bed:
 God made you a MAN, but this unnatural Practice of
 yours, transforms you into a BEAST: What, Sir, turn
 — *Dear Angel of a Wife* — out of her warm
 bed, to shake to Death on the cold Floor, whilst CANONI-
 CAL WILL lies snoring, and (doubtless) spewing in that

(a) Which is Valentine's Day.

soft

soft Bed, she (as — *A natural Warming-Pan* —) had heated for him with her own Body — Yes, Sir, *Snoring and Spawing*! For your Wife's M — r assured my Friend, you not only came home at unseasonable Hours, but that you many Times came home drunk, and in your drunken Fits, "I swear you would sacrifice your Wife immediately, were she not with Child: Is this Conviction? Is this Conscience? or rather don't such drunken Adventures, prove you a hardened Sinner? Mahomet said to his Followers, "That in every Grape there dwelt a Devil: Certainly a Man possessed with the Devil, may be thought to be in a more hopeful State than a Drunken Clergyman; for albeit he be possessed, yet it is compulsively and against his Will; but the Drunkard (*the Canonical Will*) dedicates himself, and all the Faculties of his Soul voluntarily to serve the Devil, for can he be said to be less wicked, that in his drunken Fits swears he'd sacrifice his Wife if she wan't with Child: King James I. being asked what Punishment he'd have inflicted on one that was drunk and answer'd, *Let him be drunk again*; intimating thereby, he could not have a greater Punishment; Certainly excessive Drinking is a most abominable Vice, and a great Punishment to them that are guilty of it, for he that is drunk hath lost himself, being more a Beast than a Man, for what but a Beast wou'd make "a tender Wife rise out of her Bed at unseasonable Hours, to stand trembling till she be ready to die with cold: Bacchus is usually painted by the Poets naked to shew that when a Man is drunk, he is MAN, and reveals all the Secrets in his Heart: Sir Fickle, if your drunken Adventures don't make you a Madman (as sure it does, for none but a Madman would threaten to murder a kind Wife yet I am sure it makes you a Beast: 'Tis true, such Drunkards as Will — R — dson, often sin with Impunity, tho' 'tis a great pity they shou'd; for when you reel and foam and swear your Wife out of her warm Bed, till she be ready to die with cold; you're a Scandal to the Gown, and below the Dignity of a reasonable Creature; for by these Drunken Practices you ruin your own Health, turn the Gifts of Providence to a wrong Use, and in the End prove the greatest Enemy to your self; so that instead of railing at me for a damn'd Whig, (your common Expression when you speak of Men that abhor Party-Disputes, and esteem the Dissenters) you'd own me your best Friend cou'd I lash you into Vertue and Sobriety; and the Method I'd propose shou'd be this, the next time you came home drunk, at an unseasonable Hour (for if you must be drunk, be drunk by Bed-time, and don't come reeling home at Midnight) your Wife, or M — r shou'd send for a Watchman to carry you to a Work-house, and there shou'd

you have no other Allowance but Bread and Water for one year, and so much as you may reasonably be thought to have spent since your Marriage, in *Whoring and Drunkenness* (for your giving double the Value for a Gold Ring, to a marry'd Woman, who hopes to debauch her, shews your Concupiscence has cost you dear) shou'd be forfeited out of your Income at Clerk-well; and after you were set at Liberty, you should ever after your Inlargement, wear the INITIAL LETTERS of the Name of the Work-house upon your left Shoulder: Sir—the Disgrace and Infamy of this Punishment wou'd make you detest the Sin of Drunkenness, and, perhaps, make you a kind Husband, or at least it would help to carry on a reformation amongst the High-Flyers, which (as appears by my Lord Santry's Petition against Hig—ins, and Mr. Bisset's Character of Dr. S——rell) is so greatly wanted; This is the Shortest Way I know of to make you a Sober Priest, and sure the Punishment can't be thought too severe, for if Drunkenness and a beastly Carriage to a tender Wife disgraces a Layman, how scandalous must it make a Clergyman? *Drunken Reeling Parson!* How that sounds in a New Context? And one that left the Dissenters to ease his Conscience of a woful Schism! *A Drunken Reeling Parson!* What Monster is that in Nature! And yet (*Canonical Will—*) as Nathan said to David—— *Thou art the Man——* for a Man's Life is more debauch'd and sullied with the continued Stains of Repeated Crimes—— Nay, your very TONGUE (in a *Billingsgate* as well as in a *Wh—ing* Sense) is as scandalous as well as your LIFE, for Mr. G—— assures me, you often DAMN your chaste Wife for a W—— and brand her pious M——r by the Name of old B——d, and say, “If you know her, you know her for a W—— and that she keeps a B——dy House with her Daughter; surely to use such gross Words as these (to use an Expression of your own with some small Alteration) wou'd better become *A Chaplain of the MOHOCK* (or *Jacobite Club*) than the Seriousness and Character of any Man who professes himself a Minister of the Gospel, I profess (*Sir Fickle*) I did not think you capable of abusing either your Wife, or M——r in this scandalous Manner, or of lessening your self thus below the meanest Thoughts that any Dissenter had conceived of you; so that 'tis evident that hitherto both *Churchmen and Dissenters* have been mistaken in you; (*Mistaken!* ay, or you had never got *Two Ordininations*;) for that all these scandalous Things have been said of you by your Wife's M——r (and a Reverend Person now living in London, that I have leave to name, if there be Occasion) I'm ready to prove; stand the Test as soon as you dare.

Sir,

Sir, Is this the Consequence of your Caterwauling? and the most innocent Point of your Weathercock Compass, what then must the rest be? For, alas, calling you unnatural Husband, and drunken Son, is to give you a bright Character, compar'd with those Black Secrets I can further discover concerning your beastly Carriage to your Vertuous Wife, "For you not only call'd her a W—— your self, but because one of your Neighbours Wife would not abuse her in that Gross Manner, you threw her down with that Violence that you bruise'd her head, and the poor Woman being with Child, you are in continual Expectation of being arrested, for assaulting a big-belly'd Woman, and that for no other Reason, but that she wou'd not call the Wife of your Bosom a Whore. Sir, how dare you pretend to Preach the Gospel of Peace, and at the same time indulge your self in such furious Passions, for you cant but know that Anger is a short Madness, no less dangerous than deforming to the Persons where it reigns; Men should allow themselves leisure to consider the Consequences of it, before they suffer themselves to be precipitated into Passion: One saying to Diogenes, after a rude Fellow had spit in his Face, Sure this base affront will make you angry, No, said the Philosopher, but I am thinking whether I ought to be so or not. If Excess of Anger be a Man's blind Side, he should study to conceal it, lest he gives his Enemy an Advantage to wound him in the sensible Part; when Men are inur'd to it, they ought to find a Retreat to their exasperated Spirits, lest being too much heated, Violence should usurp the Seat of Prudence, and a Minutes Fury draw after it a Subject of long Repentance, which, SIR FURY is like to be your Case if you are arrested for assaulting and bruising the big-belly'd Woman that asserted your Wife's Innocence—— Is this the Fruit of your Caterwauling? Is this your Dotage on your charming Wife (once the Phoenix of all her Sex)? Is this Conviction and Conscience? Is this to leave the Dissenters to avoid Schism? Is this to turn Orthodox Churchman? Or rather is it not to turn round (Weathercock-like) in all kinds of Debauchery? Well, what shall I say of such a vile Turncoat as Will— R——dson, or rather what may I not say against you, that have blacker Secrets to publish than I have yet discover'd, and I believe your Pious Brother Dr. S——rell will own as much (if—— The Modern Fanatick—— is a Saint compared with Canonical Will——) when I assure him, that when you could not make your innocent Wife confess she had play'd the W——, you were so profane and daring in Wickedness as to tell the Woman that you had thrown down and abus'd "That you had several Times pray'd God to reveal it to you "whether the Child your Wife was big with, was yours or no And you said, "God had reveal'd it to you in a DREAM, the

as not yours—— In the late Times (says the learned
 Author of the Book intituled—— *An humble Apology for*
Nonconformists——) A Divine (now a great Son of the
 Church) travelling with two Nonconformist Ministers, he
 and the senior Man and Minister, was desired to pray
 for them and for them before they went to Bed ; this he
 did, and in his Prayer, Pray'd that God would send them godly
 Dreams that Night ; on Occasion whereof, one of the Mini-
 sters said to the other, " He did not like this over Godliness,
 that would over godly it, would under godly it : Sir, we
 find this Minister's saying verified in your Praying to God to
 send it to you in Dreams, whether the Child your Wife was
 with, was yours or no ? not but I am willing to own that
 God hath made use of Dreams and Visions of the Night, to
 awaken Men to their Duty, and a Sense of the Dangers
 they were in—— *Marcus Antonius* was told a Remedy in his
 Dream for two grievous Diseases which oppress him——
Alexander of Macedon, for the Cure of *Ptolomy's* poison'd
 wound—— And *St. Augustine* reports of a *Millenois*, whose
 Father being dead, being demanded a Debt already pay'd,
 was told by his Father in a Dream, where the Acquittance
 was, to discharge it ; but it is not unreasonable to believe,
 that The Devil can in this Case act the Preaching Weathercock (as
 well as Canonical Will——) I mean can transform himself into
 an ANGEL OF LIGHT, to impose upon the Imaginations
 of Men, by strange deluding Fancies and IDEAS form'd on
 purpose to trick their Minds into a Snare, and to allure
 them into some Trap of either Sin or Misery that he hath
 laid for them, which (SIR FICKLE) if you did dream
 that your Wife was a W—— (which I much question, you
 were prov'd such a great Lyar at *Ramsay*, and other Places)
 in your Case (don't mistake me) I don't mean to be a Cuc-
 cold, for you were not born under that Planet, but to be
 trick'd into a Snare by the Devils giving you IDEAS in your
 Dreams of a Whore (for our Thoughts run much in our Sleep
 upon what we most admire awake) where he shou'd have re-
 presented an Honest Woman : However I doubt not, but ei-
 ther to preserve Health or amend the Life, DREAMS may to
 a pious Observer, be of special Benefit, but if they are, only
 beneficial to good Men, of what use can DREAMS be to you,
 who are not a Man of fixt (or Religious Principles) but a
 meer Weathercock both asleep and awake, for what are your
 DREAMS (of a Whore) but the Children of an idle Brain,
 begot of nothing but vain Fantasy, which is (a Spiritual
 Weathercock) as thin in Substance as the Air, and more in-
 constant than the Wind ; So that your SLEEPING SUR-
 MISE of being a C——ld, shews you as much a dreaming
 Weathercock, as your Resantations prove you a Preaching one :

However this is certain, *Our Actions and Discourses in Day Time, cause our Fancies to work upon the same Subjects* while we are asleep, and therefore I don't wonder that you are found to be so greatly under the Influences of *Dreams and Apparitions*, for it was but a little Time before your Conformity, that writing to Dr *W*—— for some Satisfaction about the Terms of Conformity, you declar'd in your Letter ——— *You was under great Temptations from the Devil to Conform* ——— and since your Conformity, on a sudden awaking in the Night, you surpriz'd your Wife with telling her, "*The Devil was in the Room and told you, that her Mother had prepar'd a Dagger to kill you, (when at the same Time Madam B—— was fast asleep in her Bed) but this sudden Surprise, caus'd such a Disturbance between you and your Wife (it happening at the dead Time of the Night) that it greatly frighted another Neighbour's Wife (being the big-belly'd Woman before mention'd) that she hath been ill ever since, and 'tis fear'd by all her Friends, will miscarry by the Noise you made of the Devil's appearing to you and it seems you are very often under the Impressions of these idle Dreams and Visions, I call 'em so, as they often put you into strange Passions, "In damning your late Brethren the Dissenters, and villifying of them after a most horrid Manner, and in these Swearing Passions, you often threaten to kill your Wife, insomuch that your Wife's Mother declar'd to a Person of Credit (who sent to me this Secret History of your Caterwauling, and the vile Consequences that has attended it) they have been forc'd to send all the Knives out of the House for fear of having their Throats cut, and are sometimes afraid (when you are in these damning, swearing Fits) to go to Bed at all. A Swearing Preacher! ——— Canonical Will——— How dare you swear at your Wife, and damn the Dissenters at this horrid Rate, when God doth not only forbid the taking his Name in vain, but threatens withal to have a watchful Eye upon those that neglect their Duty, and account such customary Swearing no Sin, yet God will not hold them guiltless that take his Name in vain: Don't you know (Swearing Wretch) that Michael, a Jewish Rabbin, as he was swearing and blaspheming the Name of JESUS, fell down and broke his Neck, what must you expect that are a Swearing, Preaching Weathercock; Swearing is a damnable and heinous Sin in any Man but is a more aggravated Sin in a Clergyman than it is in a Layman, and therefore it were to be wish'd that the Law made by Ludovicus King of France, were universally establish'd in England, "That whatsoever Clergyman swears an Oath shou'd be burnt in the Mouth with an hot Iron; but notwithstanding*

withstanding the many Judgments that God hath shot
at the blasphemers of his sacred Name, here we find a
Member of the Church of England, damning the Dissenters
(ablest for detecting your vicious Practices) and in
17. we find you swearing to murder your virtuous Wife,
want with Child, and anon we shall find you, cursing the
that you hir'd to take the Dissenters Prayers in Short-
because he had disappointed you; from whence it appears
are A common Swearer, forgetting what Herbert tells you,

Were I an Epicure, I cou'd 'bate Swearing.

is certain, The Swearer is a disinterested Sinner, he has
no Profit nor solid Satisfaction for his Guilt. So that
see (SIR FICKLE) in God's Account, your Profane
Cursing and Swearing has made you a Sinner of the first
rank, and 'tis something unreasonable that Humane Ju-
stice can't touch your Life for an Offence which Heaven
punish with Eternal Death: However I would not have
dispatch'd; for tho' swearing at your Wife, and curs-
ing the Dissenters is a heinous Sin, yet I have hopes
of your Penitence and Amendment, for even a Preaching
Weathercock (the most scandalous sort of Sinner) may repent,
as a learned Father confesseth, "That at every Word he
used to swear, but at length endeavouring to "lock up
the Door of his Lips, to set a Watch before his Tongue, implor-
ing Divine Assistance therein, and intreating moreover his Friends
to smite him with the Rod of Reprehension; in forty days he
utterly lost the abusive Use thereof; so that now (saith he)
nothing is more easy unto me than not to swear at all. But I
(Mr. Weathercock) the Physick this learned Father took
to purge and reform his Tongue, will be too gentle to work
on such ——— a costive or harden'd Swearer ——— as you
are; I'd therefore have you punish'd so severely for your
Profane Cursing and Swearing; that you may never more
torment your Wife with your horrid Oaths, or damn the
Dissenters, who wish you no greater harm than to see you a
true Penitent, and the Method I'd have taken to cure you
of Swearing and Cursing shou'd be this following, "You
shou'd stand gag'd six Hours in every Town within the
County where you next swear an Oath, and as for your
Christian Name, it shou'd be Ten Pound Forfeiture to call
yourself by't, for there's no Reason you shou'd have the least
Badge or Benefit of Christianity left you when you have
thrown so much contempt both upon the Practice and the
Author of it by your Profane Swearing.

But as we are wont to say, —*They that will Swear will Lye.*—
which we find notoriously verifi'd in Canonical Will ———
you are not only A great Swearer and Curser (as is seen

by your frequent swearing at your Wife, and damning (Dissenters) but you are such a *noted* and *common* Liar, that you feed your *Ramsay* Flock, with scarce any thing but Falsehood; my Meaning is, you have got such a Stock of *Brass*, (as the *Review* calls it) that the great Number of Inconsistent and impudent Lies that you told to the Pious Dissenters at *Ramsay* is almost incredible; and since your *Weathercock* turned to the City, the Lies you told to Dr. W—— Mr. S—— and other Dissenting Ministers, are too notorious to mention without blushing, and therefore 'tis I tell my Readers in the *Preface to these Sheets*, “that good Information assures me that we shall get no credit by entertaining such a Plethora of Inconsistency in our Church, who has never been able so long in Religion, to support the same Foundation (weakened by your Dismission from *Ramsay*) nor scarce Truth in the same Story for twice telling, —— forgetting that the *Noted* (or *common*) Liar, is not believ'd when he speaks Truth, for (says *Herbert*)

When he speaketh Truth, he's thought to lie again.

Seneca observes, that a Lie is of a thin and transparent Nature, a diligent Eye may see through it; 'tis certain the Use of a Lie any way is as great a Fault as an Imperfection, and carries a Kind of Diffidence of God along with it; none but a Coward or *Preaching Weathercock*, will hide himself under the Little-ness of a Lie, which has been your common Practice, of which (if you reply to *these Sheets*) I'll give several Instances, take this at present; “asking several in the Vestry of *St. Bartholomew*, how they lik'd your *Recantation Sermon*, you reply'd your self, *I hear the Archbishop of Canturbury, and the Bishop of Sarum disapprove of it, but I wish* (adds Equivocating Will) *they were out of the Way, —— I mean in Heaven.* —— These (as *Secret Memoirs* assure me) were your very Words, to which I reply, with asking you this Question, *Are not our Tongues the Indexes of our Mind, to signify the Thoughts and Meanings thereof to the World?* if the one agree not with the other, the Motions are false and the Wheels out of order, what a Clock good for, if it doth not tell the true Hour of the Day, which (*Sir Fickle*) is your Case in the *Equivocating Instance* before mentioned; in which you are so fruitful in Lies, there's no less than three Falshoods, for first you could never think that the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Sarum, wou'd ever honour you so far, as to take the least Notice, of such an idle Piece of Impertinence as the *Recantation Sermon*, deliver'd in *White-chappel*; or that they condescended so far, as to take Notice of such a meer bo-

Podge of Ignorance and Inconsistency, as I shall prove your *Recantation*: (when I come to answer it) Yet 'twas a great Lie to call it — YOURS, — for your Question to the Vestry Gentlemen was, — *How they lik'd your Recantation Sermon?* — affirming by those Words, that the Sermon was — yours. — But Sir, (as I said in the Preface to these Sheets) “ I wou'd urge it, that you wou'd either “ preach Genuin Sermons for the future, or conceal the Secret that you borrow them, for 'tis a great Untruth to call that *Recantation* yours, which you deliver'd in *White-Chappel*, as I am able to prove (and that by the very Person to whom you told the Secret) that the *Recantation* was none of your own making, for when Mr. S—— charg'd you with much *Ignorance* and *Rashness*, in railing against the Dissenters in your *Recantation*; you reply'd, “ That the harsher “ Sentences were not penn'd by your self, but were under “ the Inditement of another Hand: and (to make Attainment to the Dissenters, for your reflecting upon 'em in your *Recantation*) you told my Friend, “ you wou'd be “ heard to speak no more against the Dissenters, in so “ harsh a Manner: So that 'tis plain every time you call the *Recantation Sermon* in *White-chappel*, your *Recantation*, you Father a Sermon that is none of your own, as I am able to prove by your own Confession: And whoever compares your dull Scribble in the *Epistolary Debates*, with Mr. Clark, with that Gay, Airy Stile, that is found in the late Pamphlet intituled, — *Episcopacy vindicated* — (which we are told is written by W—— R——son,) will easily believe you had no Hand in writing that *Vindication*, so that if we may judge by *Stiles*, you have had the Impudence to dedicate a Pamphlet to the Lord Keeper, and call it your own, when ('tis very probable) you never writ one Line of it; but I find (Mr. *Weathercock*) this way of lying from the *Press* and *Pulpit*, has been your Practice many Years, for I cou'd name a *Layman*, that you often perswaded to turn Preacher, and offer'd to give him your Recommendation to a Place I cou'd name, and when he objected his great Unfitness for the Ministerial Office, you reply'd, “ He might buy a good Store of Sermons, and take some “ Pains to fix them in his Memory, till he cou'd preach “ them without Notes, and then they wou'd not be discovered, but pass for his own Sermons. — So that set a Thief to catch a Thief, — for this Way of stealing other Mens Sermons, or getting them made for you, (as was your *Recantation Sermon* in *White-chappel*) seems to have been your way of of Preaching, (or rather LYING, as you only deceive your Hearers, by preaching other Mens Sermons, and calling them yours) ever since your *Weathercock* turn'd in

a Pulpit: and no Man can doubt this, that considers your *Sermons and Prayers* (both before and after Sermon) are inserted at length in your *Note-Book*: So that those did you wrong, that said you pray'd without a *Form*, for you did not even whilst you was a Dissenter; and when my Friend to whom you made these *Discoveries*, told you by thus, *Preaching other Mens Sermons*, you wou'd incur the *Displeasure of the Dissenting Ministers*, you (impudently) reply'd, "You had got your Ordination from them, and you car'd not now for their Displeasure: And indeed your most serious Discourses and Actions, have so much of the *Weathercock* in them, and mix'd with so much Deceit, *that I would not hang a Dog upon your Evidence*. Cou'd any Man think that you cou'd tell a Lie in so serious a Thing as saying, you wish'd Arch-Bishop *Tenison*, and Bishop *Burnet* in Heaven, when you wish'd them out of the way, but the *Secret Memoirs* assure me you never told a greater Lie in your Life, than in that serious Expression; for Heaven's a pure and Glorious Place you seldom nor never think of, or if you happen by Chance to name it in the Pulpit where you are preaching, you can think of a Debauch at the same time, for 'tis plain from your own Words, you can preach of Heaven without thinking of it, for did you not tell Mrs. *H* — ? " That she no sooner came into the Church where you was preaching, but you did not know what you said or how you you went on, your Affection to her was so extraordinary? And if one pretty Woman could so wholly ingross your Thoughts in the very Pulpit, when you was preaching, what Thoughts could you have of Heaven, in St. *Bartholomews* Church, where so many Beauties are constant Hearers. But to leave jesting, Why need I prove you a Liar from your own Mouth, when indeed your whole Life has been nothing else but — a *Practical Lie*? — that is, not a Lie spoken but a Lie done; my Meaning is, your scandalous Actions, have contradicted your Pious Profession: You are not only a Preaching, but a practical *Weathercock*, and a constant Liar in both; for tis plain from the many Lies you have told at *Ramsay*, *London*, and other Places, that your whole Life is a living Contradiction to the God of Truth. Such a hardned Liar as *Canonical Will* — is not fit to be suffer'd in civil Society, for when a Man has lost his Conscience, (as *Will* — *R* — *dson* to be sure has) he may do a World of Mischief with his Tongue; so that you are a universal Liar, as well as a *Universal Turncoat*, for I have fairly prov'd you — a Liar in Nature, — a Liar in Practice, — a Liar i'th Pulpit, — a Liar in Print, — a Liar at *Ramsay*, — a Liar at *London*, — and such a wicked Liar in Bed, that (in a Drunken Fit) you'll turn

turn a kind Wife out of her warm Place, *that you may lie alone.* In a Word you are such a PROTEUS LIAR (or Preaching Weathercock) that one can but describe you in general, for 'tis impossible to find you out in Particulars; however as your Tongue broaches so many Falshoods, with a Design to deceive, were I to assign your Punishment, it shou'd be this, " you shou'd have a Hole run through your Tongue, and be hung up by it, 'till the Hole wears out and you drop down, and after this you shou'd have LIAR inscribed on your Forehead, that neither Churchmen nor Dissenters, may be any more deceiv'd by your *canting Tongue*; Our *Trading Liars*, (indeed) will reckon this too hard Measure, but I'm sure there's Reason to apprehend those for the *Sin of lying*, that speak against the Punishment, for there's not a Soul would patronize a LIAR, were he not one of the Gang himself; and therefore Mr *Weathercock*, (a fit Name for a publick Liar) I'de not have your Punishment qualified in the least, unless (like *John Tutchin*) you'll rather *vote to be hang'd*, (for a common Liar deserves it) and yet if in that Case you might have your Wish, you wou'd be the greatest Enemy to your self, for I have the same Assurance, that you are unfit to die, as that such a harden'd Liar don't deserve to live: So that I think the former Punishment has the Preference, in regard *it gives you time to repent.*

Thus have I fully detected the First (or *Caterwauling*) Point of your Compass, and have not spar'd to expose that *Whoredom, Jealousie, Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying*, and other Extravagance, that has attended it; in all which Discoveries, if I have scandaliz'd you, 'tis only with a Word of Truth, or if you think I have wrong'd you in any one Instance, the Law is open, and I am ready prepar'd, to prove what I relate for matter of *Fact*, (and such I again assert, is your *Caterwauling beastly Carriage to your Wife and M—r, Drunken Adventures, Horrid Oaths, Ramsay Lies*, and frequent Attempts to debauch Mr. *H—s Wife of Shadwell*;) and I am also as ready to produce my *Authors* of what I relate for *hear-say*, and such as I said before, is the *Wapping Intreague*, which *Hear-say* being related to me, by a Person of Credit, I shall beleive it as true as the *Shadwell Debauch*, till you prove your Innocence by an *Affidavit*, but as your *Weathercock* turns round in Vice, what will clearing your self in one single Instance signify, when I can prove you Guilty in a Hundred, and that you are a most lewd and debauch'd Priest? But tho' you have (*Judas like*) betray'd and disgrac'd the sacred Function; yet seeing no Sin or uncleanness, is too great for Pardon, where the *Whoremonger truly repents*: For that reason (if you'll admit a Layman to preach to you) I shall conclude this *first*, (or *Caterwauling*) Point of your Compass, with this short Sermon, in hopes to convince your Judgment, if it does not reform your Life.

Dunton's

DUNTON's Sermon to the Preaching Weathercock, being serious Advice to him speedily to reform his Adulterous and Vicious Life, and to make Vertue his Mistress: With a Word or two to his Chaste and Beautiful Wife, by way of Application.

AND here (Mr. Weathercock) — First learn from the Publick Scandal you have brought upon Religion — *The Cloak — and Gown — and your two Ordinations —* The great Hazard you run both of Temporal and Eternal Ruin, without a speedy and publick Repentance; one would think (Mr. R — dson) that but one of these Considerations shou'd be enough to awaken the most stupified Whoremonger in London (ay, even Will — R — dson himself, whose Tongue Adultery, and leaving the Pulpit to attempt the debauching a marry'd Woman, proves him the leudest of Men). What is it, oh you Whoring Weathercock, inconsiderate, and unwise! which you so eagerly pursue in your unlawful Love, and brutish Pleasures but certain Ruin, Destruction and Damnation, impairing your Estate with Profuseness, stigmatizing your Name with Inconstancy, wasting your Body with Consumptions, filling your Bones with Rottenness, entailing loathsome Diseases on your self and Posterity, dulling your Wit, clouding your Intellectuals, effeminating your Mind, and everlastingly shipwrecking your Soul: Leave off then to prefer these brutish momentary Delights, and reaking fulsome Pleasures, before those which are Pure, Satisfactory, and Eternal: *Be fixt in your Principles, fixt in your Pulpit, fixt in your Chastity, or in fewer Words — Be no Preaching Weathercock —* or at least don't Preach and Whore on the same Day, as you'd fain have done. Remember *H — s*, as well as *Lor's Wife*, and if one chaste Woman can't satisfy your unruly Lusts, rather GELD your self (as *Origen* did) than attempt any more to debauch such vertuous Wives that (like *Mrs. H —*) are blest with obliging Husbands: Trifle not away your noblest Passions on low sordid scandalous Objects, but fix them upon Intellectual Beauties: Let Vertue be your Mistress, and make Piety regulate all your Affections; so shall you find uninterrupted Joys, taste the Life — breathing Sweets of an innocent, and still encreasing Pleasure, which admits neither Change nor Satiety, which hath no secret Checks in the Height of Fruition, nor any Sting in the Tail; but is as much delighted in after Reflection as the present, and is never allay'd with Bitterness in the latter End — *My beloved Heaver —* (for whilst you listen to my Sermon I'll call you so) — *The Ways of Religion are Ways of Pleasures, and all her Paths are Peace;* then don't (Weathercock-like

turn round in Vice and Debauchery to destroy the real Pleasure of your whole Life, or (Mr. R———dson) if the Consideration of the Pleasure and satisfying Delight there in a chaste Life, won't restrain you from whoredom, yet at least let the Shamefulness, the Toilsomeness, and the Expensiveness of Whoredom, be Motives to you to make your Repentance for your Adulteries as publick as the Crime, that you may not only fly and abhor the Company of Harlots, but not dare to look on a Woman so as to lust after her, as knowing that our Saviour tells you—— *He that looketh on a Woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her already in his Heart*—— And therefore (and with those Words I'll conclude all I shall say to reform your Morals——) *Go and sin no more.*

I shall add—— A Word or two to your Chaste and beautiful Wife (by Way of Application) and so dismiss you for this Time.

And here, Sir Fickle, (if you won't be Jealous) I'll address my self to your Chaste and beautiful Spouse in the following Words,—— “Madam, Having in a short Sermon that I preach'd to your *Leud and Weathercock Husband*, given him a Use of Reproof for his *Whoring, Jealousy, Drunkenness, and unnatural Carriage* to you and your M———r hopes to reform his Moralls, I shall make bold (with your Husband's leave) to conclude my *Extempore Sermon*, with—— A Word or two to your self, by way of Application—— And I don't fear (seeing a good Wife makes a good Husband) but if you'll observe the following DIRECTIONS, and add thereto a competent Dose of your own Discretion, but you'll yet make *Fickle William*, the best of Husbands to the best of Wives; but before I proceed to REACH to the Wife, in the same manner I did to the Husband, 'twill be necessary that I put you in mind, that *A virtuous Wife is a Crown to her Husband*; then do but convince your Spouse, that he has really marry'd that PHENIX he once thought you, and he'll then think (if he han't whor'd and drunk away all his Senses) that he can never love, or possess you enough; for (Madam) 'tis own'd by all but the *Women-Haters*, That a good Wife is the Perfection of a Man, a lost Rib restor'd, to complement and perpetuate Humane Nature; and that you may be so esteem'd in order to—— A *Re-marriage to the same Man*—— (I mean that you may clear your *Fickle Husband* of all Jealousy, and be still as charming as you was when he first saw you) be pleas'd to give your serious Attention to the following PREACHMENT, which if daily practis'd, may make you a happy Wife, and your debauch'd Husband a true Penitent.—And how knowest thou, O Wife, but thou may'st save thy Husband.

Madam, Pray don't think the worse of my *Sermon*, because delivered to you by one that was ne'er ordain'd by a BISHOP, for your Husband has often perswaded Lay-men to preach (as I prov'd before) and my two Sermons in this Book will be the more excusable as they are the *first and last* I shall ever preach; for when I have finish'd my WEATHERCOCK-PARADOX, I shall take an Eternal Leave of my *Two Hearers*; but lest — the Word or two — that I design'd for you, shou'd tire your Patience by swelling into a dull, tedious Sermon, take my Advice (that is to GUIDE you, and REFORM your Husband) in the following Words, viz.

Let *Piety* and solid *Virtue* influence your whole Conjugal State, for be sure where these are wanting, let the Proverb say what it will, *Those Marriages were never made in Heaven*.

Never keep any Man Company (tho' he were a *Brentford Captain, Fullham Chaplain, or Southwark Collonel*, that your Husband (tho' without Reason) is jealous of, and be sure never be seen to dance at any *publick Ball*; for a solid Breeding and Deportment is infinitely more commendable than the fantastical Gaiety, that is generally found at those mix'd Interviews singing and dancing, &c. are innocent Accomplishments, yet can scarce answer for the Charge and Time lost in acquiring them, and are far more taking in a *Mistress* than a *Wife*.

Both *Love and Delight* in your Husband's Company, for without Love (which constitutes all the Happiness of a marry'd State) 'tis impossible you shou'd draw equally in the marriage Yoke; and therefore don't love your Husband the worse because of his *weasle Head, empty Brains and hatchet Face*, for two Days Sicknefs can destroy the finest Features, besides 'tis a common Observation that your *Tiffany Husbands make Buckram Wives*: Marry no celebrated Beauty, says witty *Osborn*, for then *Every one will have a lick at your honey Pot*; and therefore were I in your Case, I shou'd prefer a *FIT and Discreet Husband*, tho' very homely, to one that was very Beautiful or very Rich, for if Riches or Beauty alone, were a sufficient Ground for a Match, Wedlock then wou'd not be a Marriage, but a meer Bargain for a little sensual Pleasure, not but *Riches and Beauty* are comfortable Additions, the hottest Love being apt to cool and decay, where there is not the Fuel of Beauty, or a competent Estate to feed and maintain it, but tho' *Vertue, Riches and Beauty* are excellent Things by themselves, yet found altogether in one Man they are not enough to make him a good Husband, unless he be *fit too*; I mean of a like Humour and agreeable Temper to suit with yours, for all Love is both begot, and continued by *Likeness*.

Again

Again, Madam, if you'd *Reform your Husband and make him a true Penitent*, be a meet help to him in the Cares of the World and Toils of Business, and the most agreeable Diversion at Hours of Leisure, that is, be an incomparable **SECOND SELF** to mitigate all his Misfortunes, by dividing and sharing them, and in doubling his *Joys and Prosperity* by an equal Participation: Such a sympathizing Carriage as this, wou'd keep even *Fickle Will*—— from running a stray, and perhaps turn his *Weathercock Passion* into a fixt Love.——

Madam, *continue* (for no Man ever question'd your Virtue for the Time past) to be *chaste in Thought, Word, and Deed*: If you are as *Chaste as Beautiful*, how will your Graces shine: It is disingenuous to rob Virtue of the Advantages it receives from Beauty, which makes it appear like Diamonds enchas'd in Gold, and gives it a greater Lustre: *Reason it self will appear more Eloquent in the Mouth of a beautiful Wife than in that of the most florid Orator*, and there are no Figures in all the System of Rhetorick so moving and forcible as the peculiar Graces of that Sex—— Then (Madam) scarce think your self oblig'd to those that applaud you for being Chaste, since (tho' a leud Husband is jealous of you) 'twou'd be a Curse and a Punishment for you to be otherwise; but that your Husband may never more either call or think you a Wh—— prevent the Designs of the debauched at a Distance, and by a strict guard on your Virtue, secure your self from being tempted, holding it for a *Maxim* (tho' a *Paradox*)

*That She alone is Chaste that ne'er was try'd,
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.*

And therefore (like a good Wife) shun all Occasions that may commit a *Rape upon your Body or Mind*, or fill either with wandring Ideas, and to that End read the *Practice of Piety*, oftner than *Cleopatra or Cassandra*, and take more Pleasure in some *Divine History* with your curious Needle, than in the alluring Scenes of the most tickling Comedy.

Again, You must love but one **ONE MAN**, and that is he you shou'd love, i. e. your Husband, and you must love him *because he is so*: If he still continue a *Drunkard*, or attempt to debauch any more Women, it may exercise your Patience, but shou'd never destroy your Affection, and this sincere conjugal Love you ought to demonstrate in the whole Series of your Life, by endearing Obligations and the greatest Respect, as remembering, tho' *Will — R — dson* is a *Leud Preaching Weathercock*, yet (till you get a Divorce) God and the Law have appointed him to be your **HEAD**,

and therefore (for the Time to come) endeavour to conceal his Infirmities, as knowing you are brightned by your Husbands Honour, and must be darkened if he suffer an Eclipse; or if by *reeling home* at unseasonable Hours, and turning you out of your warm bed, he forces you to tell him of his *beastly Carriage*, yet do it so sweetly, and with so much Discretion, that he may find Reason to be angry with himself, but none to be offended with you, who study his Humour (both at Bed and Board) a Kind and generous Carriage wou'd fix even a *Weathercock* Husband, and perhaps at last make him that real Saint he never was yet, any more than in shew.

In short, a kind and *dutiful* Wife, has so much the *ascendant* over a Husband, (tho' *as great a Drunkard or Whoremaster as Will—R—dson*) that she commands him by obeying of him, as was said of *Parthenia*, — He rul'd because she wou'd obey, and she in obeying rul'd as much as he. — And in order to have this *dutiful Command* (if I may call it so,) over your Spouse, take the fittest Opportunity to reprove his Unkindness, and have a special Care never to speak out of Season, for a good Wife rules the Roughness of her Husband's Spirit, by the soft compliances of hers: *A Flint that defies the Anvil, may be broken on a Feather-Bed.*

Again, — let not your Industry and Frugality, be less remarkable than your *Chastity, Prudence, and Love* to your Husband, — consider a — WIFE — is call'd a *HOUSE-WIFE*, and therefore endeavour to make good the Title, both by refraining from gadding abroad, and abhorring Sluttishness at home; provide liberally for your Family, (if your Husbands giving double the Value for Gold Rings (a) don't prevent it) but have an Eye that nothing be wasted, remembering that an ill manag'd Kitchen, has destroyed many a noble Hall.

If you'd be a *Conjugal Rarity*, (I mean that *Phoenix* that your fickle Husband formerly thought you,) spend more time in Prayer and Exercises of Devotion, than between the *Glass and the Dressing-Box*; suit your Dress and Apparel, to your Husbands Quality and poor Income at *Clarkenwell*, rather than the Fashion; yet love Neatness, but don't indure any Paint on your Cheecks, but the natural *Vermillion* of Modest Blushes.

If you'd fix the Love of your *Weathercock* Husband, and make him love to be more at home, be not perpetually draining his Purse for modish Vanities, envy not your next Neigh-

(a) See Mrs. H — s Affidavit, who swears Mr. Will—R — dson gave her double the Value for a Gold Ring, in Hopes to debauch her.

hours New Gown, or Richer Lace; 'tis true, you never yet
 seen'd him with these Wants, but 'tis a Practice too com-
 mon with some married Women; and therefore (that your
 Husband may love no Man's Wife so well as his own) I was
 willing just to give you a Caution about it.

Tho' your Parentage and Fortune is much above that of
 your Husbands, yet never upbraid him with that Great Por-
 tion he expected with you, (but never receiv'd) nor with
 your near Relation to Madam B——, and be better em-
 ploy'd at Church, than to observe who has the biggest Tail,
 the richest Fan, or the most glittering Pendants.

To cure your Husband of Jealousy, be very kind and ten-
 der of that Child that he dreams is none of his own for this will
 clear your Innocence, and convince the World that his Jeal-
 ousy proceeds only from a Sense of his own Guilt, and yet
 give this LEGITIMATE BABE no Occasion to curse you
 hereafter, for over fond Indulgence.

Be courteous and sociable to all your Neighbours (but
 more especially that big-belly'd Woman, that you Husband
 assaulted and bruise'd, for asserting he was no Cuckold) but
 yet scorn to go a hunting after Gossippings, and think (if your
 Husband reforms upon reading this Sermon) your Time better
 spent at home (tho' but in patching a Dishelout) than in idle
 Visits, (or expensive Assignations) for carrying on the
 grand Affair of Tattling.

In Brief, ——— if you'd change all the Vicious Points of
 your Husbands Weathercock Compass, into so many distinct
 Vertues, ——— or in plainer English, if you'd intirely poss-
 sess and fix the Heart of your Fickle Husband, ——— you
 must then be ——— Religious without Hypocrisy, ——— Dis-
 creet without Pride, ——— Loving without Folly, ——— Plea-
 sant without Vanity, ——— Grave without Morosness, ———
 Fortho' these are Vertues he never practiz'd, yet (to do him
 justice) his great Fear of being a Cuckold, shews he ad-
 mires that Chastity in his Wife, that he don't care to practice
 himself; and therefore (Madam) if you'll daily exemplify
 this APPLICATION (or short Preachment) in your future
 Carriage to your Jealous Husband, 'twill convince him (as
 well as the World) that your present great Belly is all his
 own, and that you'll neither BREED, or love any thing that
 is not so, and with those Words I conclude my Sermon,
 ——— for my Glass is out, and your Patience tyred, and I
 have nothing further to say to my chaste and Beautiful
 Hearer, but that I wish the Preaching Weathercock a true Pe-
 nitent, and Cloris a great deal of Joy, in a Re-Marriage to
 the same Husband.

And

And now (Mr. *Weathercock*.) I don't fear but you'll like the APPLICATION to the Sermon, I preach'd to you, (tho' address'd to your Wife) as it contains (in little) the Character of a Good Wife, and he that finds her, has no greater Happiness to wish for on this side Heaven. Well (Sir *Fickle*) do you think such a Wife as I have here describ'd, wou'd make you a fix'd Preacher, kind Husband, and true Penitent — yes you'll say, but where is She? Where is she? who can find this virtuous Woman? Truly Sir, I shall neither send you to *Utopia*, nor direct you point blank to her Dwelling, for she lives very privately; some say 'tis at the Sign of the *Philosophers Stone* in *Phoenix-alley*; but whoever has mis'd her, I'm sure you have FOUND her, and therefore instead of calling your VERTUOUS WIFE W —, and turning her out of her warm Bed, at unseasonable Hours one wou'd think you shou'd fall anew to cares and admire her, and (if that wou'd fix and unite your Affections) desire a *Re-Marriage* to the same Wife. — And in the mean Time, down on your *Fornicating Marrowbones*, and first ask God to forgive your lewd and Adulterous Life, and next ask Pardon of your Wife and M —, for the great Wrong you have done to both, by your Abusive Tongue and *unnatural Carriage*; and in hopes you'll be so PENITENT, from real (not pretended) *Conviction*, and *Conscience*, I will now leave the first, (or *Caterwauling*) Point of your Compass, and proceed to the Second.

And the Second Vicious Point I shall detect in your *Weathercock Compass*, is what I shall intittle, your *Arbitrary Loyalty*; for my Friend in his *secret Memoirs*, says, " In some converse I lately had with Mr. Will — R — dson, " he affirm'd to me, that the late Revolution was a *damnable Rebellion*, in that the supream Power, was by no Means " to be resisted, on any Pretence whatsoever; and he gave " me this one Instance of it, If Her Majesty (said he) shou'd de- " mand Twenty Pounds of each Gentleman in London, " She might do it, without the Leave of her Parliament. " But probably, one Reason why Mr. R — dson is so much " for Arbitrary Power is, because he exercises so much of it over " his Wife and M —, and those that he accounts under " him. — Thus far the *secret Memoirs*, — by which we see that — The Arbitrary Point of your Compass — proves you more a *Weathercock*, than even your — *Caterwauling*; — for there is no Faith in Sin, and if Sin be a fickle inconsistent thing, any Man (in his right Senses) must think 'tis a *Weathercock* will turn the Sinner any Way, just as his Lust or Temptation draws him, but to find *Loyalty* prove a *Weathercock*, wou'd amaze any Man. (for as *Hudibras* says)

True Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose at Game.

And 'tis no small Honour to Mr. Butler, (the Author of *Hudibras*) that we find Mr. Samuel Wright of his Opinion, for in a Sermon he preach'd at *Black Friars*, (a) he there tells us, "The faithful Man, (meaning him that is Loyal) does not dissemble his Principles, and Sentiments of Things, so neither does he vary from 'em: He is wise enough to know what is fit to be receiv'd as a Principle; and he is wise enough to stand to what he has so receiv'd: Thus allowing for Human Weakness and Infirmary, he is the same steady Man through all the Multiplicity of Occurrences, and changing Humours of the World. Thus far the truly pious and ingenious Mr. Wright. — Now (Sir Fickle) we'll examine whether the Character Mr. Wright gives of the Faithful [or Loyal Man] will agree with your present Character, compar'd with your Character in the Reign of William the Third, of ever Blessed and Glorious Memory, and here we shall find you a meer *Proteus* in Loyalty, for in King William's Reign, you never deny'd but that "He was the Rightfullest King that ever sat upon the Throne, as being set up by the same Hands which made the first King and will make the last; That he was the Choice both of God and the People, and the very Darling of Heaven, that he had a Title to the Crown (as was said of His Royal Consort) even in Nature and Superiour Merit, before he wore it. That he maintain'd the Church of England, without persecuting the Dissenters, and in a Word, that he brought with him more real Glory to the English Throne, than it was possible he should receive from it. But now in Queen Ann's Reign, we find you asserting — That the late Revolution was a damnable Rebellion, — by which we see, "That the Arbitrary Point of of your Compass, proves you more a Weathercock than even your Caterwauling, for the faithful [or Loyal Man] (as Mr. WRIGHT observes) is not given to Intreaguings, or Insinuating, or winding here or there to gain a Point, [i. e. he's no Preaching Weathercock] but he always manages with a prudent openness and Plainness, and with a manifest Consistency and Uniformity: But (Sir,) what Consistency is there in your saying, That the late King WILLIAM was the Choice both of God and the People, (for that was the Cant of the Arbitrary WEATHERCOCKS in King WILLIAM's Reign, till they found he wou'd not persecute the Dissenters) with your asserting, "The late Revolution was a Damnable

(a.) On Occasion of the Publick Fast, Jan. 16. 1712.

"Rebellion; by which 'tis plain, that (*Chameleon like*) you live so much on the *Air of Loyalty*, without tasting the Substance, that 'twill be hard to know you by either your Tongue or Pen, for you are such a *Weathercock-Loyalist*, that you are not the same Man, nor speak the same Thing, nor wear the same Face in 1712, as you did in 1688. *Levity is pretty in an Infant, a shameful Defect in Lay-men at maturity, and a monstrous Folly in Clergymen*; because they seem to have liv'd to no Purpose; since they neither know what they are, or what they should be, but like *Preaching-Weathercocks*, shift the Scene as their *Fears or Interest* drives them. This cautions other Men not to trust them, because they dare not trust or confide in themselves, but are always fluctuating in Uncertainties, especially if the Storms of *Adversity* blow hard upon them; but *Constancy of Soul is like Ballast to a Ship, and keeps the Man in a due Poise, betwixt the Extreams of Obstinacy and Levity*, and renders him fit to be a Friend, and dreaded to be made an Enemy, but where's this Constancy now to be found?

The World's a Scene of Change, for Men to be Constant in Nature, were Inconstancy.

Cajus Caligula was of such a fickle Humour, that every Man was at a loss what to say or do to please him, because (*like Will — R — dson*) he was never half an hour in the same Mind. The same *Plutarch* reports of *Alcibiades*, that he was Frugal in *Sparta*, Prodigal in *Sonia*, a Drunkard in *Thrace*, Sober in *Egypt*; wore Plain Clothes in *Rome*, and when he kept Company with *Tissaphernes*, exceeded the *Persians* themselves in *Gaiety of Apparel* — Sir, You are just such a *Weathercock in Loyalty*, as *Alcibiades* was in *Morality and Conversation*, for 'tis plain the *Arbitrary Point* of your Compass turns with every Change in State, and yet don't turn half so often as your *Church-Weathercock*, (as I shall prove when I come to shew how your *Weathercock* turns in Religion,) for there I shall find 'tis continually turning Round, and 'twou'd turn as often in Loyalty, did the Government change as often as you are ready to change with it, for "The Manner of Politicians (i. e. such Loyal Weathercocks as Will — R — dson) commonly is when they find themselves deserted by one, to turn to another, and so to strengthen themselves, and prosecute their Designs by gaining over, or joining in (a) with an opposite Party; which (Sir) is exactly your Character, for your Loyalty is so Fickle, that seek for Mr. R — dson the *Williamite*, or Mr. R — dson

(a) Mr. Wright's Sermon, Preach'd Jan. 6. 1712. on Occasion of the Publick Fast.

the Jacobite, or Mr. R——son the Loyallist, 'tis all one; there is no Occasion to spend more Time in search after you, for they are certain to find all three in Will——R——son, and with that Party that bids highest; so that 'tis plain, no Peter Penny, no Pater Noster, which has made you turn Defenter for want of Arrears, and come over to a Side where you will not stay long, if you expect any other Reward from 'em than to be laugh'd at for your Pains; then 'tis no wonder we find you calling *The late Revolution a damnable Rebellion*, and making *Arbitrary Power the second Point of your Weathercock Compass*, (after you had so often applauded the first, and decry'd the last) for 'tis seen by your turning with every State Wind, that your *Arbitrary Weathercocks* (or *Passive and Non-resisting Canters*) are the greatest Turncoats next to *Religious ones*, and I find the Loyal OBSERVATOR of the same Opinion, for in his OBSERVATOR March 15. 1712. he tells the World, " That the Faction, and their Leaders, pertake of the *Camelion's Nature, and change Colours and Names too as they please*; (i. e. " are meer State Weathercocks :) But as the *Tree is known by its Fruits*, so they are known by their Design, which " is always *Mischief*, tho' they take different Methods, " and use different Pretences to accomplish it; thus the " Knights and Squires, who rais'd *Sacheverell's Mobocks*, to " insult the Queen and Parliament, and to *Tip the Lyon up-* " on our Lords and Commons in the Streets, pretended a " Zeal for the Church and the Monarchy; and in these " Mens Esteem *Damniare and Purchase*, who were their Sub- " alterns, attacked the Guards, led the Mob, and burnt " the Meeting-Houses, and threatned to pull down and " plunder the Bank, not only merited Pardon, but a Re- " ward. Thus the *Mobocks* and their Leaders met *Sacheverel* " in Triumph, and insulted the Justice of the Nation during " his *Parades*, on Pretence of appearing for the Honour of " the Church; but that Man, who is said accidentally to have " met the Doctor in his Progress, and ask'd him, *How far* " *the Pretender was behind?* Seems to have taken the Matter " right——The Faction, who are very well vers'd at ring- " ing the Changes, (and was ever a *Weathercock*) did after- " wards appear in different Colours at one and the same " time: Thus they had the Art to tack Hereditary Right " and the *Hannover Succession* together in their ADDRES- " ses, to declare for the Constitution, and the Freedom " of Electing Magistrates and Members of Parliament, and " at the same time to violate the Fundamental Liberties of " the Nation, in attacking the Whig Candidates by their " *Mobocks*, who spit in the Faces of our chief Magistrates,

K

" and

“and threaten’d to murder such Whigs as stood for Parliament Men, at the Places of Election.”

Thus far the ingenious Observer— who has here given us a NICE Character of the Sacheverel or Mobock Weathercocks: I call ’em so as they sail by an Arbitrary Compass, — and are all like Will—R—dson for blackening the Revolution; and I don’t wonder at it, seeing the Arbitrary Loyalists will always be for God and for Baal at the same Time, I mean will talk high for the Church, on purpose to be enabled to side against her with the Sons of Belial; just such an English Mobock or Arbitrary Weathercock is Will—R—dson, since you are so far from abandoning your Williamite Principles from Conscience and Conscience, that you seem to have no Conscience at all; God made you a Man, but your own zealous Ignorance and Bigottry has turn’d you into an Ass couchant, or rather into an Idol, not unlike that of the Psalmist, he has Eyes and sees not; for ’tis clear by your damning the late Revolution, that you cannot (or which is worse out of a resolute Blindness will not) distinguish between true (or Revolution) Loyalty, and that which is Counterfeit; Poor Passive Wretch! you han’t the Use of your Senses, for the Arbitrary Weathercock is one that thinks it safest walking blind-fold, and puts out his own Eyes (I mean his Reason the Lamp of the Soul) to be guided through thick and thin by another, for don’t you expressly say, that “Her Majesty (who certainly is the best of Queens, as she always rules according to Law) might demand Twenty Pounds of each Gentleman in London, without the leave of her Parliament; but, Sir, who do you please by setting your Arbitrary Weathercock to this High-Flying Point of the Compass, but protest Papists, or such that (like S—ll) drink the Pretender’s Health; ’tis true you boast of your Loyalty, and had the Impudence (a) to call your self “A Fellow Sufferer with the Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal, for having les a Party (as you call ’em) who are not used to forgive; when at the same time (as I prov’d before) “No Man’s Life is more debauch’d and jully’d with the continual Stains of repeated Crimes; for so confident are you by your Superarogating Loyalty, to quit Scores with Heaven, that you took Pains to perswade Mrs. H— that Wh—ing was a venial Sin, (for wan’t that the Sense of your Words in telling her, “If she was in a State of Grace, she’d certainly be sav’d, let her live how she pleas’d.)

Thus by downright Debauchery, or Arbitra Principles, you do all you can to promote the Pretender’s Interest; for en’t you such an Arbitrary Loyallist, as to say expressly that

(a) In your Dedication to your late Pamphlet intitled—
Episcopacy Vindicated.

The Revolution was a damnable Rebellion, in that the supream Power was by no means to be resisted on any Pretence whatsoever, which is plainly to assert, That all those Noble Patriots that had any hand in that Glorious Work, were all Traytors and Rebels: What an Arbitrary Preaching Weathercock is Will—R—dson? and how inconsistent with himself in his former Pretences to Loyalty, Religion and Conscience? 'Tis true in England (which affords no Wolves but those in Sheep's clothing) you appear at present a pretty innocent Beast, but shou'd The Pretender ever get footing, you'd prove then a Lyon Rampant; for to be sure those Arbitrary Loyallists that assert, "The late Revolution is a damnable Rebellion, and that the supream Power is not to be resisted on any Pretence whatsoever, do all of 'em carry the Talons of a Devouring Vulture, and (shou'd the Pretender come) wou'd be zealous to tell him, that the only way to convert Protestant Dissenters and moderate Churchmen is to knock Religion into their Heads with Pole-Axes, or to convert 'em with Fire and Fagot: All England, Ireland and France, these Arbitrary Loyallists have consecrated with their Sacrifices, as if the whole World were but their Golgotha or Acheldama, so much more dainty is their Idol-Worship than that of Bell and Dragon of old, by how much the Blood of Saints is more precious than that of Beasts: But I'd have all Arbitrary Weathercocks remember, That screw up an Instrument never so melodious, too high, and it necessarily breaks; advance Positions that are violent, and those that put them in practise can never belong at Helm; but there's no danger of Arbitrary Government, Violence or Persecution, during the Gentle and Glorious Reign of Queen Ann: However seeing Arbitrary Weathercocks boast so much of their Loyalty, and in such Instances where it least appears, and since you have lately broach'd this Illegal Notion, "That shou'd her Majesty demand Twenty Pounds of each Gentleman in London, she might do it without the leave of her Parliament; I'll endeavour to set this Passive and Non-resisting Cant in a clearer Light than I have yet seen it, by proving what little Loyalty you express'd to the Queen or love to your Native Country; in saying, "The late Revolution was a damnable Rebellion; I confess the WISE ADDRESSERS of St. Albans tells us, that "Kings and Queens are accountable to none but God, let 'em act how they please, and most of the other Addresses (save those truly Loyal and honest Addresses of Gloucester, Norwich and London) have canted in that manner; I shall therefore in Answer to your Arbitrary Assertion——(That the supream Power is by no means to be resisted on any Pretence whatsoever) fully detect the gross Ignorance, Rigottry and Nonsense——to be found in the Arbitrary

Point of your Compass, ——— and that I may set your pretended Loyalty in the clearer Light, I'll form it into a *Question*, and then answer it, and I hope in so convincing a Manner, as may for the future make you ashamed of your *Passive*, *Non-resisting* Cant, or at least convince *Canonical Will*, that his Notion of *Arbitrary Government*, han't one Grain of true Loyalty in it, but shews the late *Revolution* highly justifiable, and the only thing (under God) that cou'd secure our Lives, Religion and Properties. ——— And the *Arbitrary Question* I'll answer, is this following.

Q. What if a King after he hath been chosen by the People, will set up an Arbitrary Government amongst them, and without any Regard to the constituted Laws of the Kingdom, shou'd propose his own unlimited Will to be the Rule of their Obedience, what if it shou'd come to a Sic volo, sic jubeo, Etc. must they needs then for Conscience Sake submit?

To this I answer, "*Arbitrary Government* is meer *Non-sence*, a very Contradiction in Terms, and if you will "make any sence of *Arbitrary*, you must put *Confusion* to it: For *Government*, necessarily supposes some stated Laws, which are to be not only the Rule of the Peoples Obedience, but the Measure also of the Princes Power, to command and Govern the People and as in case of the Subjects Disobedience, the Law condemns them as *Traitors*, and invests the Prince with a Power to punish them as such; so in case the Princes Power grows Exorbitant, and forceth its Way thro' all those Restraints, which the Law hath lain upon it, (as it must needs do, if a Queen of *England* cou'd demand Money of Her Subjects, without leave of Her Parliament) the Law condemns him as a *Tyrant*, and obliges the People to respect him no otherwise than as one who hath *ABDICATED* the Government, and left the Throne vacant. This Doctrine is so plainly taught us in the *Preface* to our *Kings Coronation*, I mean the mutual *Stipulation* between Prince and People, (a) and so pertinently apply'd in the late *Revolution*, that I can see no Danger, neither

(a.) For the Sake of those who are unacquainted with the Manner of this *Stipulation*, I have here transcrib'd the Form that was us'd at the Coronation of *K. Edward the VI.* so far as relates to my present Purpose.

The A. B. of *Canterbury* shall shew the King to the People, and shall say on this wise, ——— *Sirs, here I present K. Edward, whose Coronation is appointed by all the Peers of this Land to be on this Day, will you give your good Wills and Assents, to the same Coronation, as by your Duty of Allegiance you are bound to do?* have

And therefore to all the late Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, is a DAMNABLE IMPUDENCE, and shews that POBERRY is one Point of your Compass, (as I shall prove, when I come to shew how your Weathercock turns in Religion.) — To give unto Caesar the Things that are Caesars, is certainly the indispensable Duty of every Christian Subject; but it must first be prov'd, that Arbitrary Power is Caesars, before we are oblig'd to ascribe it to him: For if Arbitrary Power, or a Power (as you express it) that is not to be resisted on any Pretence whatsoever, be one of the many Things that are Caesar's, how come he by it? What, was it bred with him in the Womb? Surely 'tis too bulky a thing to be contain'd in so narrow a compass: What then? Hath he since receiv'd it? From whom I pray? — It must be either from GOD or the PEOPLE; Not from the PEOPLE, for all Government was design'd for the Protection and Security of natural Rights and Privileges; but ARBITRARY Power, lays the Ax to the Root of Law; so that the People are bound by a seniour and superior Law of Nature, viz. the Law of Self Preservation, to oppose and resist it. It could not be from GOD neither that he receiv'd it, for this were to suppose that God hath dealt more

The People do answer, *Yea, Yea, Yea*, and cry, *King Edward, King Edward, King Edward.*

This done and the King being plac'd before the Altar, the Arch-Bishop shall ask him with a loud Voice in manner following.

Will ye grant to keep to the People of England, and other your Realms, and Dominions, the Laws of this Realm, and other your Realms and Dominions? — *I grant and will.*

Do you grant to make no new Laws, but such as shall be to the Glory of God, and to the good of the Commonwealth, and that the same shall be made by the Consent of the People, as hath been accustomed? — *I grant and will.*

Then shall the King make a solemn Oath upon the Sacrament, in the Sight of all the People, to observe the Prelates, and laying his Hand again on the Book shall say, — *The Things which I have before promised, I shall observe and keep, so God help me.*

After which all the Peers of the Realm shall make unto him Homage, as followeth, — *I. N. become your Leige-man of Life and Limbe, and of Earthly Worship, and Faith and Truth, I shall bear unto you against all Manner of Folks as I am bound by the Laws and Statutes of this Realm, So help us God.*

See Prynne's Signal Loyalty. Part. II. p. 250.

favourably with Brute Beasts, than he hath dealt with Men, for the Dominion that God hath granted to Man, over Beasts, is not *Arbitrary*, but hath Bounds and Limits set it by a Law, even the *Law of Mercy*, and therefore we find the *Wise Man* makes *Mercy* und *Cruelty* towards Beasts, to be distinguishing marks of a good Man and bad Man: A *Righteous Man* (saith he) regardeth the *Life of his Beast*, but the tender *Mercies of the wicked are cruel*, Prov. ii. 10. Besides God himself consider'd as Rector and Governor of the *rational World*, hath condescended to make those Laws which he hath given us, for the Measure of our Obedience to him, to be also the Measure of his Power and Will in the Government of us; therefore surely he would never give to *Cesar* a larger Dominion over his People than what he assumed to himself, and once I heard Mr. B——ks (the highest Flyer, or most *Arbitrary Loyalist* I ever knew) own as much, for as I was one Day asking his real Thoughts between he and me, concerning that *Abdicated Doctrine of Non-resistance and Passive Obedience*, he reply'd in these very Words; “Mr. Duntun “The *Doctrine of Non-resistance and Passive Obedience*, is the “best Doctrine that ever was yet deliver'd in a Pulpit, to “make Men Slaves and Papists, but B——G—— said he (a Word some high Church Men think a mighty Grace to their Speech) “There is not one of us all, (whether Whig “or Tory) that ever practis'd it when our own Rights were invaded, of which (aded Mr. B——ks) the late Revolution by King William is but one Instance of Forty “that might be nam'd. — Then what (Sir *Arbitrary*,) do you now think of your telling my Friend, That the *Supream Power* is by no means to be resisted, and that the “late Revolution was a *Damnable Rebellion*; or whatever such *Arbitrary Weathercocks* as you, think of such *Jacobite Doctrines*, I positively assert, that whoever they are that make an *Unlimited Power* in Governing, to be one of *Cesar's Things*, instead of honouring him as it may be they think they do, they do extremely disparage him, and by their thus exalting him above God (as *Arbitrary Canters* do) they place him in the Room of that *MAN OF SIN*, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his Mouth, and destroy with the Brightness of his Coming: — Sir Fickle, that the Notion is true Loyalty, I'll prove at large, if you asperse a Second Time the late Glorious Revolution, which (as the Duke of Queensbury express'd it) “will be a perpetual Honour to the Memory of King William, while Religion and Liberty are in any “value; which it could not be, if an *Unlimited Power* in Governing, be one of *Cesar's Things*. 'Tis true God hath honoured *Cesar*, by granting him a Commission to Rule and Govern according to the Laws of that Community, over which he presides,

resides, and as such a one we ought to Honour him; whether is any Man the less Loyal for being against Arbitrary Government; as to my own Share, I freely took the Oaths both as a Freeman and Livery Man) to King James, I did the same to King William, and to Queen Ann. And I do believe in my Conscience, there is not a Dissenter or Moderate Churchman in Great Britain but is so truly Loyal, that he values the late Revolution the more as 'tis to that amazing Providence that we owe that great Happiness we now enjoy, under the Glorious Reign of Queen Anne, and therefore, tho' the Dissenters and true, (i. e. Moderate) Churchmen are no Arbitrary Loyalists, (or Popish Fools) yet we will declare, that our Lands and Lives are the Queens, as often as her Service shall call for them, and nothing will we sell our own but Death, whilst we live under a Prince that like Glorious Anne) Rules according to Law, then what an Arbitrary Wretch was you, to call the late Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, when 'tis to that good Providence we owe the Glorious Reign of King William, and our late happy Deliverance from Popery and Slavery, yet, as much as I love the Memory of King William, I heartily wish and pray, that our Gracious Queen, and all those who succeed Her, may so far out-shine Glorious William in all Vertue and Success, that His very Memory may shrink into as little Compass as some desire; and may the Lustre of Her Name, so far outshine the Glory of King William, that the Memory of his Greatest Actions may be forgotten, which they never will, except by such Arbitrary Tools (as Will—— R—— dson) that wou'd have the late Revolution thought a Damnable Rebellion, and King William a Usurper, (to whom we owe all these great and invaluable Blessings) as if you'd have us believe all the Blessings of King WILLIAM's Life, are turn'd into Curses since his Death; neither are you singular in your Ingratitude to King WILLIAM, for what is T——e's writing no Elegy on King WILLIAM, but an ungrateful Satyr on his Loyal Master? Or in other Words, —— a drinking a Health to Sorrel. —— And what is S——ll's talking so high for the Church, but a Satyr on his Moderation?

—— Yes sure enough such Men as these,

Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown,
And drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.

But who'd think to find Dr. S——ll, after canting so much of Non-Resistance charg'd by a late Author with having a Hand in setting —— Semper Eadem —— upon the Oxford Weathercock; 'tis true this —— Tool of a Party, —— (as he was call'd at his Tryal) never flew so high

in Jacobitism as (like Will—R—dson) to call
 "The late Revolution a damnable Rebellion, and yet we find
 him a meer Weathercock, or Proteus in Loyalty,

The Duty he pays unto our Royal Mother,
 In his abusive Weathercock discover,
 For S— to shew his Non-Resisting Mock,
 First (*Semper Eadem*) on the Weathercock;
 And for his love to Popish Novelties,
 We may believe him for his Words are these,
 "I'll here the Glories and the Praises sing,
 "Of James that is, and James that shall be King (a).

But why shou'd we wonder to see such an Arbitrary
 Non-Resisting Loyalist (as Dr. S—ll) turn Weathercock; for
 no Man that was not dead drunk with Persecution and Arbi-
 trary Principles, cou'd think otherwise. " (b) For I may
 "say this for the Scotch Jacobites, they are too much honest
 "than the English Jacobites, that they cannot abjure the Pre-
 "tender and pray for him all in a Breath, drink his Health
 "and then pray for the Queen; swear to the Queen, and
 "pray for her Confusion at the same Time, as our English
 "Jacobites do every Day; (and as Dr. S—ll himself has
 done frequently, as may be prov'd upon him when he en-
 dures to stand the Test:) " But in Scotland (continues Dr.
 "Foe) really the Jacobites are fair Enemies, and own their
 "Principles; they will not abjure the Pretender, pray for
 "the Queen, nor have they done it in one in ten of a
 "their Meetings in Scotland, and in those where they did
 "went to hear them—— Thus far the Ingenious and Loyal
 Review, who makes it evident, that the English Jacobites are
 all Weathercocks, or at least that Dr. S—ll (as much as
 he rails at the Turncoat Clergy) is your Brother Proteus in
 Loyalty, for tho' "He never flew so high in Jacobitism, as
 call the late Revolution a damnable Rebellion, yet 'tis clear by
 his Swearing to the Queen, and praying for her Confusion at the
 same Time, that he's as great a Weathercock in the Passive
 and Non-Resisting Cant as Will—R—dson,

You both Harangue for Loyalty, I own
 Your Loyalty's a Scandal to you Gown,
 For that still disappears when gaz'd upon.

(a) In his Poem upon the Sham Prince of Wales, are the
 two Lines, or Words to this Effect, for I had't the Poem by me.

(b) See the Review, Numb. 145. Vol. 8.

The Preaching Weathercock.

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Just Time does melt off all your nasty Paint,
Your Railing Tongues can no Dissenter Taint,
Your very Scandal makes a Loyal Saint.
But why do I the precious Minutes spend,
On Two that had much rather Hang than Mend.

}

Sure I am such *Preaching Mohocks* as these (if we may believe *De Foe's Charge* in his *Weekly Review*, and *Mr. Bisset's Modern Fanatick*) merit a Gibbet, or an House of Correction, with greater Equity than a bare Exclusion from their Livings: 'Tis true, "Those who wind up all Religion into the Bottom of Holy Church, think that a Zeal without Knowledge, and a Vehemency of Spirit is sufficient to atone for Sins of the deepest die, without practising any of those Duties which are of the Essence of that Religion they profess; but tho' this may be digested by Bigots and unthinking Animals, who are taught to believe just as they were bred, without ever taking the Liberty of judging for themselves, but with Men of Reflection it passes for Idle Chicane, if not down-right Impudence, and therefore I'd have such *Passive Weathercocks* as Dr. S—ll and Will——R——dson, never boast of their Loyalty, or at least I advise Canonical Will—not to defend Arbitrary Power, or asperse the late Revolution, 'till he can prove it a Piece of Loyalty to defend Treason, for calling the late Revolution a damnable Rebellion, is little less than Treason, not only as her present Majesty was a glorious Instrument in it, but as 'tis owing to the late Revolution, that we are now Subjects to the best of Queens; and therefore till you own the late Revolution was no Rebellion, but highly justifiable by the Laws both of God and Man, I can't see (after all your great Boasts of your Loyalty) how you can clear your self from being a Traytor to her present Majesty, and you were ever a Rebel to the King of Heaven, your *Leud and Weathercock-Life* proves this last Assertion, and your calling *The late Revolution a damnable Rebellion*, proves the first; then ne'er more cant of *Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance*, for han't I fully proved your *Blasphemy* against God, and *Loyalty* to the Queen are Incompatible, and that you are not only a Reproach to true Loyalty, but a Scandal to the Pulpit, and as such (as I said before) ——— had rather hang than mend——— Neither is such a Scandalous Death a less infamy than such Rebel-Priests deserve, that (like Will——R——dson) "Call the late Revolution a damnable Rebellion; or (that like Dr. S——ll) "Pray for the Confusion of her present Majesty: Pray, from whom now is our Protestant Church in Danger? Is it from Men that had both their Hand and Heart in the late Revolution (on which our Present Constitution in Church and State

State is securely founded) or is it from Men that (like W—
R——dson) wou'd overthrow both, by calling *The late Revolution* a damnable Rebellion: Is this your Gratitude to King WILLIAM, our late Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery? Is this your Loyalty to her present Majesty, the best of Queens? Is this your Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance? What an Arbitrary, Passive, Leud, Inconsistent Thing is a *Preaching Weathercock*? especially if (like Dr. S——ll) he's a FALSE BROTHER in Loyalty, and 'twill double your *Treason* in denying the Charge, for I can prove by an Affidavit, you call'd *The late Revolution* a damnable Rebellion; and the *Review* positively says, "That it may be prov'd that Dr. S——ll swears to the Queen and prays for her Confusion at the same Time, by which 'tis evident that the *Jacobite Weathercocks* do all sail by the Arbitrary Point of the Compass, and are for damning the Revolution, (or in other Words that Reformation which was begun by King William, and is now perfecting by Queen Ann); but I wou'd have such *Preaching Weathercocks* remember, " 'Twas an Observation of the famous Bede, That a Hatred of the Professors of Religion, was that which undid his Country; and sure I am (as Mr. Wright observes) "That Man that lives in a Course of Sin, (and I may add, endeavours to blaken the Revolution) "shou'd be look'd upon as a Traytor to his Country, and as one "that is in Confederacy with those that are seeking its Ruin which to be sure those are that Drink Confusion to Queen Ann, or call the late Revolution a damnable Rebellion: But to the Immortal Honour of the Citizens of London (the Metropolis of the whole Kingdom) the late Choice of— Sir William Afburst, Sir Gilbert Heathcot, and Sir Charles Peers by a VAST MAJORITY, shews the Citizens of London are no *Weathercocks* in Loyalty to the best of Queens (in chusing such Illustrious and truly Loyal Patriots to serve her Ancient City of London, (as President, Vice-President, and Treasurer to the Artillery Company) and they are as little Fickle in their Gratitude to their old, generous, and best Friends; but the Citizens of London are no *Weathercocks*, and will never change either in their Religion, Loyalty or Gratitude, yet no Man can doubt the REAL (not imaginary) Danger the Church of England is in from Pulpit Incendiaries; for as— Just Time has melted of all his nasty Paint—— 'Tis now visible to all her Majesty's Loyal Subjects, that the *Jacobite Sermon* that Dr. S——ll preach'd at St. Paul's, was publish'd on purpose to sow Divisions amongst us, the better to make way for the Pretender; for the well-wishers to Popery and Slavery have always attempted first to divide us, in order to destroy us; and no Man can doubt this that reads GOVERNOR'S SPEECH to the Grandees of Spain (after residing

ome Years in England) which take in his own Words, viz. Whilst I was in England, I did all I could to dishearten the Hereticks, and to make them suspicious one of another, especially of their Prince and their best Statesmen, and to keep our own Friends in Courage, who by this means encrease, otherwise wou'd be in danger to decay: Now for Religion, and for such Designs as fetch their Pre- tence from thence, I beheld the Policy of that late Bi- shop of theirs (BANCROFT) who stir'd up and maintain'd a dangerous Schism between our secular Priests and Jesu- its, by which he discover'd much Weakness to the disho- nour of our Clergy, and Prejudice of our Cause: This taught me (as it did Barneveldt in the Low Countries) to work secretly and insensibly between their Conformists and their Non-conformists, and to cast an Eye as far as the Orcades, knowing that Divisions might be stirred up there, that might hinder Proceedings in England, as the French ever used Scotland to call home the Forces of En- gland, and so to prevent their Conquests: The Effect you have partly seen in the Earl of Argile, who sometimes was Captain for the King and Church, against the great Marquiss of Huntley, and now fights under our Banner at Brussels, leaving the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew for the Staff of St. James: Neither do our Hopes end here, but we daily expect more Revolters (occasion'd by these Divisions) at least such a dis-union as will never admit solid Reconcilement, but will send some to us, and some to Amsterdam: For the King (a wise and vigi- lent Prince) labouring for a perfect Union betwixt both the Kingdoms, which he sees cannot be effected, where the least Ceremony in Religion is continued, diverse sharp and bitter Brauls from thence arising, whilst some striving for Honour more than for Truth, prefer their own Way and Will, before the general Peace of the Church, and the Edification of Souls; he I say, seeks to work both Churches to Uniformity, and to this End made a Journey into Scotland, but with no such Success as he expected, for diverse of our Clergy attended the Train, who stir'd up Humours and Divisions, and cast in Scruples and Doubts to hinder and cross the Proceedings; yea, those that seem most adverse to us, and averse from our Opinions, by their Disobedience and Divisions, help for- ward our Plots; and these are encourag'd by a factious and heady Multitude, by a leud and irresolute Clergy (many FALSE BRETHREN being amongst their Bishops) and by the prodigal Nobility who maintain these Divi- ons in the Church, that thereby they may safely keep their Church-Livings in their Hands, which they have

" most sacrilegiously seiz'd upon in the time of the First
 " Deformation; but a great Part of the Nobilities Estates
 " consist of Spiritual Lands, which makes them cherish
 " the Puritanical Faction, who will be content to be Treas-
 " cher-fed with Scraps and Crumbs and arbitrary Benevo-
 " lences from their Lords and Ladies, and their Adherents,
 " and if ever the King shou'd effect a perfect Union both
 " in the Church and Common-wealth, it wou'd be a great
 " Blow to us, but the King takes his Mark amiss, yet he
 " understands the People and their Inclination, better
 " than any Man, and better knows how to temper their
 " Passions and Affections, for (besides that he is hindred by
 " several great Ones of our Party, who are in great Place
 " and Authority in the *English* Court) he is likewise delud-
 " ed in this Point, even by his own Clergy at Home, who
 " pretend to be most forward in the Cause; for they con-
 " sidering if a general Uniformity, were wrought what an
 " Inundation wou'd follow, whilst all or most of their
 " Clergy (as they fear) wou'd flock thither for Prefer-
 " ment, as Men pressing towards the Sun for Light and
 " Heat, and so their own shou'd be unprovided; these
 " therefore (I say) however they bear the King fairly in
 " Hand, are under-hand against it, and stand stiff for all
 " Ceremonies to be obtruded with a kind of absolute Ne-
 " cessity upon them, when the others will not be almost
 " drawn to receive any; when if an Abatement were made,
 " doubtless they might be drawn to meet in the midst, but
 " there is no hope of this with them, where neither Party
 " deals seriously, but only for the Present to satisfy the
 " King, and so their is no fear on our Side, that Affections
 " and Opinions so diverse (occasion'd by the Divisions be-
 " fore mention'd) will ever be reconcil'd and made one.
 " Their Bishop of St. *Andrew* stands almost alone in the
 " Cause, and pulls upon himself the Labour, the Loss and
 " Envy of all, with little Proficiency, whilst the adverse
 " Faction have as sure Friends, and as good Intelligence
 " about the King as he hath; and the same Post, perhaps,
 " that brings a Pacquet from the King to him, brings ano-
 " ther from their Abettors to them, acquainting them
 " with the whole Proceedings and Counsels, and preparing
 " them aforehand for Opposition: This I know for Truth,
 " and this I rejoice in, as conducing much to the Catho-
 " lick good.

This is Part of GONDOMOR's SPEECH (a.) upon his first
 Arrival in *Spain*, after leaving the *English* Court, in the

(a) This Speech made by Gondomox to the Grandees of *Spain*,
 is the greatest Rarity I ever saw, tho' I have now by me 300

Year 1620. in which he harmonizes so exactly, with those Two Incendiaries, Dr. S—rell, and Will—R—dson, that one wou'd think they had all three laid their Heads together in the same Project, to ruin the Protestant Interest in England, by sowing Divisions, and Blackening the Revolution, for tho' 'tis near an Hundred Years since this Speech was made, GONDOMOR uses Dr. S—rell's very Word of FALSE BROTHER, and declares to the Spanish Court, that he took the same Method to divide us, as Dr. S—rell Will—R—dson, and other Pulpit Incendiaries have since done; but 'tis no Wonder that Three Jacobite Tools, that promote the same Popish Interest, shou'd all piss in the same Quill, for that the Sacheverelite Faction, always steer'd their Pulpits by a Roman Compass, no Man will doubt that considers Dr. UTY (just inch another High Flyer as Will and Harry) had his Benefice sequestred for affirming, That there had been no true Religion in England these Forty Years, and that he lov'd the Pope with all his Heart Ay, and so does Will—R—dson too, and all other English Jacobites, that call the late Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, neither do I wonder to find — an Arbitrary Turncoat Priest — carry Two Faces in Loyalty, when 'tis clear by Dr. Uty, Dr. S—rell, Will—R—dson and other Canters for High Church, that a Preaching as well as a State Weathercock, may talk much of the great Danger the Church and State is in, from Phanaticks, and moderate Churchmen, when at the same time (with the Spanish Gondomor,) under Pretence of securing the Church, he is privately sowing new Divisions in Church and State, in order to undermine and subvert our present Establishment, which Subversion he designs to be sure, that makes Treason of the late Revolution, which (as well as to her Royal Brith) our Glorious Queen owes her Title to the Crown, and upon which all our Laws have been founded, ever since the Williamite or Parliament Convention in the Year 1688. and therefore, what a swinging Fool as well as a Traitor, must he be that sets his Weathercock to the Arbitrary Point of the Compass, or calls the late Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, and yet such a Passive Canter, (alias)

pamphlets to compleat my Project entitul'd the *Phoenix*, so scarce and valuable, that they are not to be purchas'd for money. yet I think this Speech of Gondomor the greatest Rarity among all my 500 Pamphlets, not only as 'tis not to be purchased in London, but as it contains a secret History of those Times wherein Gondomor liv'd, not to be found in any other History; and is so great a Rarity, that I never saw one of them in my whole Life, which I shall reprint with Remarks in a few Weeks, or else in my Third Volume of *Rarities*, which I entitle the — *Phoenix*.

Traitor

Traytor) is *Will ——— R——— dson*, and for no better Reason but that (like Dr. Uty) he loves the *Pope*, (I mean the Pretender) *with all his Heart*, and therefore does all he can to promote his Interest: And I find the Ingenious *R———* of the same Opinion, for in his last *Observer* he tells the World, “The *Faction* know how to *Inform, Conform, Reform, Transform, Deform, Perform*, or turn themselves into any *Form* they please, but are always *Uniform* in their Designs for *Popery* and *Slavery*. Sir, ——— this is so exactly your Character, as an *Arbitrary Factionous Weathercock*, that I am apt to think the *Observer* had you in his Eye, whilst he was writing of it, and sure I am, I may safely call you a *Universal Turncoat*, after *Mr. R———* (a Man of unblemish’d Credit,) has expos’d your *Weathercock Loyalty* in so many different *FORMS*. — Neither have you any thing, except a few *Ramsey Lies* and *Tory Curses*, to invalidate that black Charge that is brought against you, ——— By the *Review*, ——— and *Observer*, ——— for whoever reads the Character of the *English Mobucks*, writ by *Mr. R———*, or *Mr. Foes* Character of Dr. *S———*, (inserted in this Book) must own with me, that what ever Prejudice or Malice may say, to blacken their *Shining Merit* they are so much plac’d above them, as the *Moon* is, when the *Dogs bark*, and will have no worse Effect than those *Stones* which the *Jews* and *Mahometans* (as their Custom is to this Day) do cast upon *Alsatom’s Pillar* as they pass by, namely to build them a fairer (that is) a greater and more lasting Monument, or in fewer Words, ——— the weekly *Review*, ——— and *Observer*, ——— are Two very Ingenious, Loyal, Honest Whiggs, (that like Bishop Hooper and Bishop Ridley) sometimes contest about Words, whilst they heartily think the same thing; and I don’t doubt, had the Pretender succeeded in his Attempt upon Scotland, but ——— *Mr. Review*, ——— and *Mr. Observer*, ——— wou’d both likethose Two *Fellow Sufferers* (or Brother Martirs) before nam’d, have heartily forgiven, and embrac’d each other at the Stake, and as they were both engag’d in exposing the same *Jacobite Faction*, might very probably have ascended to Heaven in the same Flame; (a) For tho’ they are both Men of *Sence* and *Courage*, and understand ——— a *Protestant Flail* ——— as well as e’er an *English Mobock*, or fighting *Jacobite* in the Queen’s Do-

(a) As I shall prove in my Essay intituled ——— *Peace at the Coffee-House*, or, an Attempt to reconcile those *Papal Duellists*, the *Observer*, and *Mr. Review*, by proving *George* and *Daniel*, Two very honest Men that meerly wrangle for want of knowing each others Meaning, and true Character which is here discover’d as a Preliminary to their future Frindship.

minions, yet as *Master Review* observes, — *There is no Fence against a Flail*, — and if ever Popery should prevail in England, the greatest Favour — *The Review* — or the *Observer* — cou'd expect from that Bloody Religion, wou'd be to be sent to Heaven together, in the same fiery Chariot. For this I take to be their true Characters.

Mr. *Review* — is a Pious, witty, generous Man; — He's Master of the *English* Tongue, can say what he pleases upon any Subject, and his Thoughts are always new and surprizing, — he was born a POET, (witness his celebrated Character of Dr. *Annesley*, by way of Elegy, which I printed,) and by his printing a Poem every Day, one wou'd think he RHIM'D in his Sleep; — he is a Man of Courage, (witness his late Essay upon BRASS, and Petition to the Queen in Behalf of the Protestant Dissenter) he fears no Opposition in a just Cause, and he says as much in telling the World, "*I adhere firmly to Truth, and resolve to defend it against all Extremities*, (a) He REVIEWS, without Fear, and is not daunted with a Multitude of Enemies, for he faces as many, every *Tuesday*, *Thursday* and *Saturday*, as there are to Foes Moderation and Peace. — Loyalty to the Queen is his Guide (witness his History of the Union between England and Scotland, which he dedicates to Her Majesty, and deserves a Place in a Gentlemans Library) — He is a true *Williamite*, and abhors the *Passive non-resistance Cant*, (as prophan'd in the Pulpit by the *High Flyers*,) but practices Non-resistance as much as any Man, (and much better than the *Passive* (or *Anti-revolution*) Priest when a Prince governs by Law. — He had the Honour to be personally known to King *William*, and has set the *Necessity* and *Legality* of the late Revolution, in a better Light, than all the Authors that ever writ upon that Subject. — He's the Dissenters Champion in nice and difficult Cases, and he never shews his Wit, Courage, and Forgiveness, more, than in defending their Cause, who sometimes want Manners or Gratitude enough to thank him. — He is no *Weathercock*, (or *Occasional Worshipper*) for he now is, and always own'd himself a Dissenter; he was a constant Hearer of my Reverend Father in Law, Dr. *Annesley*, who always thought him a very honest Conscientious Man, and those that say, *He looks one Way, and rows another*, do him a great deal of Wrong, 'tis true he has had great Losses in Trade, (as well as my self) yet nothing can hire him to

(a.) See his *Review*, Vol. II. Numb. 75.

disgrace

disgrace the Quill, or to wrong his Conscience, and for that Reason he deserves that Liberty he now enjoys.

*His Body shou'd not be confin'd.
Who's a true Monarch in his Mind.
One, who, with his Majestick Pen,
May give the Law to other Men,*

To sum up all, ——— Mr. Review ——— has PIETY enough for a strict Dissenter, ——— WIT enough for a POET, ——— LOYALTY enough for a Subject, ——— and COURAGE enough for a Martyr: And in a Word, if ever any, ——— Daniel de Foe ——— is a true ENGLISH-MAN

Having given the true Character of Mr. Review, I shall now attempt the Character of Mr R——th, (the supposed Author of the OBSERVATOR) ——— the honestest of all the News Writers, (says John Tutchin, (a)) is George R——th, Author of the *Flying Post*, — He's a Gentleman and a Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages; he has writ much, and his Learning and Honesty have establish'd his Reputation; 'twas this Ingenious Gentleman that invented the *Poligraphy*, or writing Engin, by which one might with great Facility, write Two, Four, Six, or more Copies of any one Thing, upon so many different Sheets of Paper at once. ——— Mr. R——th, succeeded Captain Tutchin in writing the *Observer*, and is full as witty and loyal in towelling the *Examiner*, and all the Enemies to the present Establishment. ——— He was born a Scotch Man but is as much an English Man as Daniel de Foe, in defending the Liberties and Properties of his Fellow Subjects; and what he writes of the Divisions rais'd in England by Dr. S——rell of the Scotch Episcopal Bill; of the Victorious *Marlborough* and of the *Passive* (or *Arbitrary*) Cant of the High Flyers will be mention'd to his Honour, as long as there is a *Williamite* Scotchman, or English Protestant in the Queens Dominions. ——— He is a Gentleman of Revolution Principles (or I speak it to his Honour, cou'd scarce be a Scotch-man and thinks none but Knaves and Papists, will (like *Arbitrary Will* ———) call the late Revolution a damnable Rebellion. ——— He is no Weathercock, yet (as is seen by his Character of the English Mobocks) no Man draws a truer Picture of the *Arbitrary Turncoat*, than George R——th. ——— He's a Person of sincere Piety, his fair Conditions are without dissembling, and a constant OBSERVER of all the Ordinances of God, (and then whether it be in a Church or

(a.) See *Observer*, Vol. IV. Numb. 53.

Meeting, 'tis the same thing); and as Religion made very early Impressions upon his Mind, so he does subject every Word and Action of his whole Life to an high and just Censure — And as the *Observer* is a Man of *Sincere Piety*, so he is a Man of that strict Justice, that in a Controversy of 200 l. I propos'd Mr. George R — *th* for the sole Arbitrator, which (he being known to the whole Company) was readily agreed to — I cou'd enlarge in this Gentleman's Character (without Suspicion of Flattery) but George R — *th* is a modest Man and my good Friend, and I'm loth to provoke him further by a larger Panegirick; however the true Character I have here given of — Mr. *Review* and the *Observer* — sufficiently shews (to all unprejudic'd Persons) that they are two very Ingenious, Loyal, Honest Whigs; that (in their weekly Reflections upon each other) only contest about Words, whilst they heartily think the same thing; and therefore as (I said before) should ever Popery prevail in England, George R — *th* and Daniel De Foe wou'd die as Brother Martyrs for the same Cause, and in the same Flame; and in this Opinion (to use an Expression in Dr. Williams's Sermon (a)) — I have deliver'd my own Soul — But blessed be God neither moderate Churchmen, nor Protestant Dissenters are in Danger of a *Fiery Tryal* in England, whilst QUEEN ANN lives, who has often promis'd from the Throne, to maintain the Church of England as by Law establish'd, and to preserve the Act of Toleration inviolable.

Now if you ask me what ate these two Characters of the *Observer* and Mr. *Review*, to the Subject of the *Preaching Weathercock*? I answer a great deal; for in Page 11. I told you, I wou'd now and then ramble a little to gratify my Senses with some new and diverting Prospect; but wou'd never make any Digression so long as to forget my Subject, neither have I done it in this Excursion, for I think Mr. *Review*

(a) Dr. Williams's Sermon, intituled — An Enquiry into the present Duty of Protestant Dissenters — is here meant, to which I shall return a very large and distinct Answer, and that without the least Reflection on the pious Doctor, or any other Conscientious Dissenter, but yet shall intitle my Answer as follows, viz. — Dunton's Shortest Way with the Dissenters, or, a new and more severe Expedient than has been yet proposed to force Dissenters into the Church, and to extirpate all Nonconformity out of the Queen's Dominions; being an Answer to a Sermon preach'd at the Merchant's Lecture at Salters-Hall, Jan. 22. 1712. intituled, *An Enquiry into the present Duty of Protestant Dissenters* — By Daniel Williams, D. D. — *Honi sois qui mali pense.*

and Mr. *Observer*, in their Character of the *English* and *Scotch Mobocks*, as well as in their own *Williamite* (or *Revolution*) Character have set the *Arbitrary Loyalty* of Dr. *S——ll* and *Will——R——dson* in so clear a Light, that I cou'd scarce have done Justice to the *Arbitrary Point* of your *Compass*, if I had not quoted 'em both to prove you guilty of that *Inconstant Loyalty* I have here detected in the *Arbitrary Weathercock*.

Sir——having lasht your *Arbitrary Loyalty* (or wrong Notions of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance)——The third vicious Point I shall detect in your *Weathercock Compass*, is your *false Accusations*, or turning Evidence against the *Dissenting Ministers*, for that you intended to turn Informer no Man can question that reads the following Letter, which was writ by a Gentleman now living in London, and was delivered into my own Hands by an eminent Clergyman to insert in the *Preaching Weathercock*, and I think my self obliged in Conscience to make it publick, as it discovers your vile Attempt to take in Short-Hand the Prayers of Dr. *Williams*, Mr. *Burgefs*, Mr. *Bragg*, and of several other Dissenting Ministers, in order to shew 'em to the Bishop of London, and after that to banter and misrepresent 'em in print, and that I may not wrong you in this *Informing Point* of your *Compass*, take this Discovery (or secret Intreague) as 'twas sent to me in the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

“ HAVING received some Intimation that you design'd to publish to the World something concerning Mr. *Will——R——dson*, late a Dissenting Preacher, but now canonically ordain'd ; I was willing to make some small Addition to your Book, by acquainting you with some Passages which probably may have escaped your Knowledge, being what pass'd between him and a Friend of mine, which is as follows : Mr. *R——dson* having heard that a Gentleman of the Law wrote Characters very well and fast ; he came to enquire of him, whether that Gentleman wou'd undertake something for him, or not ; which if I rightly remember, my Friend told me was the Question : He ask'd him what it was ; he desired Secrecy ; whereupon he told him, It was to take the Prayers of some Dissenting Teachers, viz. Dr. *Williams*, Mr. *Burgefs* and Mr. *Bragg* ; he told him he would not undertake such a thing, but that he could write the same Sort of short-hand ; O then, he begg'd him to undertake it for him : I ask'd him upon what Grounds he desired such a thing ; in answer he told me, It was to let the World see that they

“they were Formalists as much as the Church, and that
 “they only had some few Prayers ready composed which
 “served them, changing them very often by turns; he told
 “me, ’twas also to expose their Blasphemies and Non-
 “sense which they frequently utter’d in their Extempore
 “Prayers, and to shew also how scandalously and con-
 “temptibly they railed and spoke against the Clergy of
 “the Church of *England*; and also how they spoke against
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 “against a Peace that I hop’d would be good and honou-
 “rable: This was very well, he said, and begg’d me not
 “to fail him the next Sunday; I asked him what I
 “was to have for my Trouble, for I think I was to tran-
 “scribe them into the Bargain; he told me he would re-
 “commend me to my Lord Bishop of *London*, who
 “might be my Friend and Benefactor; for I understood
 “all along, as he said also at the beginning, ’twas for my
 “Lord Bishop, and he would give me Two Shillings each
 “Prayer; I told him it would be difficult to get a con-
 “venient Seat in such numerous Auditories, and People
 “would be very uneasy and surprized to see me write in
 “time of Prayer; O, said he, *you must look as demure and*
 “*saintish as any of them, and sigh and groan sometimes, and*
 “*you need not fear of a Seat.* We parted, and *Monday* he was
 “to come for his Prayers; I disappointed him, at which,
 “with much Emotion, he took the Liberty to take the
 “Name of God in vain, and in a profane Manner said, It
 “was a great Disappointment to him and my Lord Bishop,
 “for he had promised the Sight of them the next Day,
 “when he was to dine with my Lord: He came the next
 “*Tuesday* after for them, I told him I had taken one Pray-
 “er, which was Mr. *Burges’s*, but could not hear him well,
 “which caused many Breaks and Interruptions in it, and
 “therefore judg’d it not fit to let him have it, it being
 “unfair, for I must have done him injustice, and no Man
 “could form any Judgment upon it, and I being advis’d to
 “desist, not knowing the Design, for I might be brought to
 “swear *bona fide*, that such Expressions were the same that
 “such an one delivered: He was much displeased that I
 “should give him so many Disappointments; I had been
 “told he had not an extraordinary Character, and that
 “Dr. *Williams* denied him some time since Admission to the
 “Lord’s Supper, at which he was disgusted, and conform’d.
 “I should be sorry all the reverend Clergy of the Church
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" Piety, to be admir'd for their profound Learning and
 " Charity: We have also famous Men amongst the inferi-
 " or Clergy: Let us beg of God to send us many more of
 " them; many such as *Tennison, Salisbury, Lincoln, Gloucester,*
 " *Worcester, Peterborough, Oxford and Carlisle.* Let us study
 " to live in Peace and Quietness, in brotherly Love and
 " Charity: Let us esteem all such where the Image of God
 " is to be seen, of whatever Denomination: Let us carry
 " on the Interest of Religion, and the Nation be more zealous
 " for its real Welfare and Prosperity, and pray for a
 " good, honourable, lasting and safe Peace; and let all
 " Faction and Rebellion retire into its dark Cell: Let us be
 " loving and obedient Subjects to her present Majesty whom
 " God grant long to reign over us: Let Popery less pre-
 " vail amongst us, and all other unhappy Principles that
 " look that Way, be entirely forgotten and trod under
 " our Feet: What a happy People and Nation shall we then
 " be? Yea, happy is that People who is in such a Case.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

W. W.

Sir——No honest Man can read the *strange Discovery*
 this Letter makes of your vile Attempt to take in Short-
 Hand the *Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers, with a Design to*
banter and mis-represent them, but must think you one of the
worst and vilest Sort of Informers. (for such he must needs be,
 that sends a Short-Hand Writer from one Meeting to ano-
 ther to accuse innocent Persons that are sincerely serving
 God in a Way they think most agreeable to his Will) or in
 plainer English, no Man can behold you as an——*Inform-*
ing Weathercock——(or *Hilton* reviv'd, and now dress'd in
 a Gown and Cassock) but must own one Point of your
 Compass (whatever the rest do) stands directly towards the
 Devil, and will at last steer you to——*that Father of Lies,*
who is call'd the Accuser of the Brethren——But Mr. *Inform-*
er, let us argue the matter a little, How cou'd you so soon
 forget your own Pretensions to serious Piety? and 'tis the
 more to be wonder'd at, as your M^r tells Mr. H—— *That tho'*
you are a great V——n both to her and hers, yet that you cover all
with the Cloak of Religion; and this Letter (written by Mr.
 W——) is a further Proof of your vile Hipocrisy, for
 don't your directing the Gentleman that was to take for
 you in Short-Hand the Dissenters Prayers, "*To look as de-*
more and saintish as any Dissenter, and to sigh and groan
some-

sometimes to get a Seat in Mr. Burges's Meeting, shew what a great Dissembler you was your self whilst a Dissenter; but remember Mr. Hilton (I call you so, as Mr. W——s Letter proves you just such a vile Informer as Hilton was) there are Persons as profane as your self in jeasting with sacred Things, that have gone to Mr. Burges's Meeting on Purpose to jeer and laugh at his Sermons, that have been converted by those serious and awaking Truths they intended to banter and ridicule (of which Mr. De Foe gives a remarkable Instance in his *Weekly Review* publish'd some Years ago); The Ways of the Almighty, and his Dealings with particular Men, are so strange and amazing, that we may well say of him——
His Paths are in the deep Waters, and his Footsteps are not known—— Zacheus climbing a Sycamore, out of Curiosity to see Jesus, Jesus saw him and invited himself to his House: St. Paul was knock'd down in the midst of his sinful Career, and made to do Obeisance at the Feet of that Jesus he was going to persecute; and I'm so far from being your Enemy, that I heartily wish and pray the next time you either end, or go to Dr. Williams, Mr. Burges, or Mr. Bragg's Meeting, to take their Prayers in Short-Hand, in order to rest or mis-represent their pious Intentions in their Addresses to God Almighty, that this vile Way of Informing, may some way or other end in your sound Conversion, but at present I see little hopes of this, as your Directions to your Short-Hand Writer, to look demure and saintish that he might not be thought an Informer, proves you a harden'd hypocrite, even whilst you preach'd among the Dissenters, and in the Church you are every Thing; in Pinners-Hall (where you formerly put on so many demure and saintish Looks) you contented yourself with the Coat that Nature dress'd you with, (for you cou'd get no better Encouragement amongst the Dissenters); and in the Church of England, you will be either saintish or devilish) as occasion serves; one wou'd think indeed that a Clergyman that is superstitious, contented and obstinate in his own Way, shou'd not easily turn with every Wind, but tho' Mr. C—— (who you lately under'd to clear your self of a Debauch that is sworn against you) is a sincere, humble, pious Man; yet R——son use your M——r's Expression to Mr. H——) is an Instance that we may be mistaken, for amongst even Dissenting Ministers there have been Willows as well as Oaks; and forming Will—— (after all his boasted Zeal for the Church, and pretence to SAINTSHIP) is one of those Victims of Bray who have turned in, and against, their Pulpits, as well as the Weathercocks on their Steeples; so that (like a Preaching Turncoat) you have dropt your Cloak to follow the Bells for a good Living, and tho' not yet prefer'd,

are putting in for a *Prebend*, to make your self more compleat in your *Taffata Tippet*, and more curious Caslock, (of which more anon) but what does it signify to have the Cure of other Mens Souls, and yet care not for your own, (as is seen by your *hiring a Short-hand Writer*, to inform against the Dissenters, and ridiculing their devout Prayers, with DEMURE and SAINTISH Reflections,) *Prophane Scoffer!* How dare you be thus Wicked?

But to be more particular, I shall now descend to make some few Remarks, upon your charging the Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers with ——— *Formality*, ——— *Blasphemy*, ——— *Nonsense*, ——— *Scandalously railing against the Clergy of the Church of England*, ——— *Abusing the Peace now in Agitation*, ——— *And with great Disloyalty to Queen Anne*, ——— which is the *Black Charge Mr. W* ——— exhibits against you in his Letter to me; I call it BLACK, as all you said of the Dissenters Prayers, is notoriously false: ——— For First, *As to the formality in Prayer that you charg'd the Dissenters with*, they all declare that a set Form of Prayer is not only lawful, but desirable, yet so as no Man be compell'd to use it against his Judgment or Conscience: I never yet heard it deny'd by any Dissenting Minister, but that a Form of Prayer compos'd in Scripture Language or according to the Sence of Scripture, is certainly dictated by the Spirit, and is according to the Mind thereof, and certainly he that joyns with a scriptural Form hath a great Liberty of Thought, and may while the Prayer is reading, enlarge in his own Meditations, and receive with great Freedom, whatsoever immediate Influences the Holy Spirit may please to afford: Even the *Directory* recommends the *Lord's Prayer* as a *Form*, and such Forms of Prayer were drawn up for publick Use, by the N. C. Divines at the *Savoy*, in their Proposals for Accommodation, (and indeed the most unexceptionable ones I have yet seen, as consisting almost entirely of Scriptural Expressions) the Dissenters call'd *Congregational*, as well as those call'd *Presbyterian*, do every meeting dismiss the People with a Form of Prayer, I mean the Apostolical Blessing, *The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all, Amen.* 2 Cor. xiii. v. 14. Nay, even those who are most severe in condemning *fainted Liturgies*, do it not because they think *Forms of Prayer* unlawful, but because they look on the confining all Publick Prayers to such prescribed Forms as a pernicious Engin, to exclude the Exercise of the Ability or Gift, which all duly qualified Ministers are indu'd with, for Prayer as well as preaching. Even Dr. Owen, who in his Discourse of the Work of the Spirit in Prayer, writes against the making or composing of Forms of

Prayer

Prayer for our selves, to be used privately, desires the Reader, P. 220. To observe that he doth not argue against Forms of Prayer as unlawful to be us'd, and P. 222. He grants that Men or Churches may agree upon a prescrib'd Form by common Consent, as judging and avowing it best for their own Edification. St. Paul pray'd thrice against one Infirmity, and if we pray for the same thing, why may we not use the same Words? Do we pray to redress our Language, or our Wants, or is God taken with the variety of our Expressions? Surely Christ wou'd then have us'd it in his own Agony, He pray'd earnestly and yet said the same Words. Why shou'd the Holy Ghost tell us this, if it were not for our Instruction? Besides it must be own'd, that some can pour out their Souls before God in Private, that cannot in PUBLICK use this Liberty, being hindred by the Infirmity of a Modest Bashfulness, (of which I cou'd give a very near Instance) then let us not condemn the Care of that MOTHER, Who, as she gave us Birth and Breeding, so she wou'd provide a Medicine applicable to all our Infirmities. But yet it must be confest (in Favour of the Dissenters *Extempore Prayers*) that there are Multitudes that can't use a Form of Prayer without Formality, and therefore, (Mr. Informer) to charge the Dissenting Ministers with that Formality they both dislike and pray against, is unjust Treatment in any Man, but more especially in you, who have been a Praying as well as a Preaching Weathercock, I mean, one that has formerly argu'd (by your own Practice) for *Extempore Prayers*, and that you now call them *Extempore Effusions*, (a.) is wholly owing to your weak, fickle, Weathercock Judgment, which never stood long to the same Point; and therefore, to call the Dissenting Ministers Formalists and to say they have some few Prayers ready compos'd, which serve them by making Weathercocks of them, or (as you express it) by changing them very often, is very false, very censorious, and very unchristian, for tho' I am as much for a Form of Prayer as you, yet I can't but own, The Variety that is in the Temper and Genius of Men, makes all unnecessary Impositions, Grievances to the World: *Nimur invetitum* is a great Truth, tho' it be not a Article of Faith; but the continual Fluctuation of Human Affairs for all things under the Sun, have a Tang of the Weathercock in 'em) makes it necessary that the Minister use himself to a Readiness of applying *Extempore* to the Throne of Grace, upon extraordinary Occasions. "There is a vast Variety of Occasions and Emergences, (says the truly pious and ingenious Mr. Boyse,) in which we shou'd apply our selves to God by Prayer, which it cannot be expected

(a) See the Postscript to Mr. R——dson's Episcopacy indicated.

" any *Prescrib'd Forms* should exactly suit, this (continues
 " Mr *Boyse*) is most obvious in our *Closet Prayer*, there is
 " scarce one Day, in which we have not Occasion to vary
 " our Requests, there are some particular *Failings*, we have
 " occasion particularly to confess, renounce and implore
 " Divine Aid Against; or there are some particular Duties
 " which we need to beg Direction and Assistance for the
 " Discharge of, so that our own Meditation every Day,
 " must suggest to us the most proper Matter of our Ad-
 " dresses to God, and many Requests suitable to our particu-
 " lar Case must be excluded if we always Confine our De-
 " votions to the *Set Forms of others*, and doubtless 'tis for
 " this very Reason that *Extempore Prayer* is not deny'd
 by the *Church of England* to their Clergy, and is used by all
 before their Sermons, and can they with common Sense be
 call'd Formalists for so doing, for how far the Spirit of God
 may influence the Heart, and Tongue, of the Ambassadors
 of our Saviour by immediate Assistances, I refer to these
 Texts, *Rom. viii. 15, 26, 27. John xiv. 17.*—Then *Canon-*
ical Will——, what an *Informing, Praying Weathercock* were
 you, to call the Dissenting Ministers such great Formalists,
 (even as great as the Church-men, to repeat your own Con-
 fession to Mr. *W*——) when I have here fairly prov'd that
 the Dissenting Ministers, all own a Distinction betwixt —
 the Gift of Prayer — and the Spirit of Prayer; — the
 one is a common Gift of the Spirit, the other is a special
 Gift or Grace of the Spirit, that consists in apt Expressions,
 outward Inlargements, this in deep Impressions on the
 Heart, devout Affections, which are too big for Expressions,
 these are so far from rendring the Dissenters Formalists,
 they are the *Sighs and Groans which cannot be uttered.* A
 Reverend and worthy Prelate of the Church of England,
 treating of the *Gift of Prayer*, says thus, " If it be a Fault
 " not to strive and labour after this Gift, much more is it
 " to jeer and despise it, by the Name of *Extempore Prayer*
 " and Praying by the Spirit; which Expressions (says the
 Pious Bishop) " as they are frequently used by some Men
 (viz. such demure and saintish Zealots as Will—R——dson)
 by Way of Reproach, are for the most part, the Sign of a
 Prophane Heart, and such as are altogether Strangers from
 the Power and Comfort of this Duty. — And so
 much shall serve to be spoken concerning that Formality
 in Prayer, that you charge the Dissenters with.

I shall next make some few Remarks upon ——— *what*
 you call *Blasphemy and Nonsense in the Dissenters Prayers.*

In answer to this false and spiteful Charge, I do assert,
 had the Honour to marry a Daughter of the most eminent
 Nonconformist Minister that ever was in England; I need

tell you 'tis Dr. Samuel Annesly is here meant, seeing he was illustrious for his Matchless Piety, Noble Temper, Casuistical Ministry, and Universal Charity, that Dr. Williams at the Sermon he preach'd at his Funeral, is pleas'd to say, "He was sanctify'd from the Womb, he often declaring, he never knew the Time he was not converted—— His Solution of Cases of Conscience (which his Sermons much consisted of) did instruct and satisfy eminent Ministers—— On him was the Care of all the Churches—— The Morning Lecture (so profitable to many) he alone supported—— By the Poor he was crowded as a common Father—— He quitted a full Maintainance (at Cripplegate) rather than Sin against God by Conformity—— Upon every extraordinary Occurrence in his House he kept a Fast—— He was a most sincere godly humble Man, totally devoted to God—— Thus far Dr. Williams, who has given my reverend and honour'd Father-in-law a true and impartial Character, as I am able to testify upon my own knowledge, for the fifteen Years I was marry'd to his daughter, who (as the Doctor told me with his own Mouth) had never once disobey'd him in her whole Life; and if I may judge by her Carriage as a Wife, from the Time I marry'd her to her last Breath (which was fifteen Years) I may venture to say she came the nearest to the Quaker's Notion of Perfection, of any Wife that ever blest a Husband (your obliging Cloris only excepted) which I mention here for no other Reason but to inform you, 'twas to this HAPPY MARCH I owe the Opportunity I had of knowing and hearing the most eminent Dissenting Ministers in Great Britain, and I do most solemnly declare, I never heard (either from the Pulpit, or in private Conversation) the least Word drop from the Mouth of my Reverend Father-in-law, or any other Dissenting Minister whatever, that had the least Appearance of Blasphemy or Nonsense; but instead of that I always found them to be very Serious in their Expressions, and Pious in their Lives; and so far, Mr. Hilton, are they from speaking Blasphemy, or Nonsense, in their Publick Prayers, that there is a little Book of the Prayers of many of the chief of them, taken in Short-hand without their Knowledge, and published without their Consent, (but not to expose and misrepresent 'em, as you design'd to do by Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Bragg's Prayers) yet are all of 'em so devout and excellent, they might pass with an Imprimatur; or were there found some few Nonconformist Ministers, who have used unbecoming Expressions, are there not to be found also among the Conformists some guilty of the like Indecencies, not to mention Dr. S——— His bellowing Sermon, and your Ignorant Recantation in White-Chappel, yet I hope it may be pardonable (seeing you hire Men on Purpose to mis-represent

the Dissenters) to cite that of the D ——— which was printed with his own Knowledge; Let (said the D ———) the Gold of our Nobility excel in Grace as they do in Honour; Purify the Silver of our Gentry from the Dross of Vice; engrave upon the Brass of the Commonalty, the Fear of thy holy Name. I could give other Instances of great Blasphemy and Nonsense, that some Conformists have been charg'd with; we are told in the Pamphlet intituled, *A New-Years Gift for the High-Church Clergy*, That the Benefice of Thomas Baily, Rector of Braintree was sequestred for telling his People, "That Extempore Prayer was Pharisaical at the best, and that no Prayer ought to be longer than the Lord's Prayer, and that the People ought not to pray privately or secretly any Prayer that was not first written and shew'd to, and allow'd by a Priest.—And my worthy Friend Mr. D ——— W ——— related to me this light Passage concerning—*The saying of Prayers in the Church of England*—(as we Churchmen commonly call it); the Passage was this: "About three Years past, one Peter B ——— an eminent Preacher amongst the Quakers, had Occasion to go about some particular Business from L ——— to M ——— to my Lord E ——— N ——— Bishop of H ——— and was admitted into his Presence, but being just Prayer Time in my Lord's House, his Lordship cou'd not then give him an Audience, but said to the Quaker, Peter, *what is thy Business with me*, Peter answer'd E ——— *I have Business with thee*. And his Lordship answer'd him, *We are going to say Prayers*; and so he order'd his Steward to entertain him 'till he came from—*saying of Prayers*—When Prayers were said, the Bishop came to Peter to know his Business; whereupon Peter, to entertain his Lordship, diverted himself from his present Business to ask his Lordship a Question, which (being a Quaker) he did in this familiar Style, *Prethee E ——— answer me one Question, what is the difference between Praying, and saying of Prayers?* With that his Lordship seemed to be in haste, saying, Peter, *stay a little, I must go up into my Library; I'll send my Chaplain down to thee, that has been saying Prayers, and he shall answer thee*; whereupon his Lordship brought down his Chaplain that had been saying Prayers in the Chappel, and bid him answer Peter's Question, what the Difference was between Praying, and saying of Prayers? The Chaplain reply'd, *I beg your Lordship's and the Gentleman's Excuse, forasmuch as I never study'd that Point of Divinity yet*; so the Quaker's Question went unanswered both by his Lordship and his Chaplain.

This light Passage, concerning the saying of Prayers ——— being matter of Fact, if the Bishop ——— that says Prayers, — has a Mind to discover himself, I am ready to name the Person

erson that had the Story from *Peter's Mouth*, and assur'd me
as light as ——— *Saying of Prayers* ——— may seem) that
Peter's Question was left unanswer'd; then (Mr. Hilton) shall
the Churchmen charge the Dissenter's Prayers with *Blasphemy*,
Nonsense, or *Levity*, or hire Informers to take 'em in Short-
and on Purpose to banter 'em, that find a learned Bishop
stead of Praying — *saying* (I won't say *singing* (a)) of *Pray-*
in his own Chappel, and I find many Conformists that are
silly of as light Expressions as ever were used by *Hugh*
Wentworth, or the most comical Dissenter that ever ascended the
Pulpit, neither need I go any further than your own Extem-
pore Prayers; for a Proof of this, for tho' I never heard you
say but once (and that in *Shoreditch Church*, where the pious
sons of Dr. Annesly (b) were almost going to refute your *Ignor-*
ance for un-ordaining the Presbyterian Ministers in his *Pre-*
sence, I had almost said in his hearing) I'm sure I do you Ju-
stice, if I assert, you had not put up two Petitions e'er you run
ground upon *Nonsense*; then en't you a notable Tool to in-
form against the Dissenters Prayers, who can scarce pray in
the Pulpit without a Form, for tho' you don't use the same
Prayer exactly, before every Sermon you preach, yet you
say little more than put *Almighty before Eternal*, or *Eternal*
before Almighty, to make (as you call it in the Dissenters)
your *Extempore Effusions* pass for a new Prayer, and I am
persuaded that if Mr. W ——— (that has here detected your
whole Design to expose the Dissenters Prayers) wou'd but give
himself the Trouble to write down in Short-Hand one of
your Prayers for five or six Days together, he wou'd find the
great Secret of your *Extempore Praying* in Publick (for in pri-
vate your Life is so leud and scandalous, 'tis hop'd you are
more Religious than to pray at all) to consist in this neat
and cunning Transposition, turning the inside outward, and
the fore-side backward more than in any thing of new Invention:
'Tis true, after you are in the Pulpit (having fitted the
Fashion to the most commodious Posture for the Ease of
your Elbows, and given your Canonical Garment a Twitch or
two) you roul about your Eyes (Weathercock-like) as if
you were falling into a Trance, 'till at length being through-
ly warm (like a Pot with too much Fire under it) the Scum
of your Brains (or rather your NOTES, for I prov'd before
that your Sermons and Prayers both before and after Sermon are
inserted at length in your Note-Book) boils over, nor does it
import whether the Expressions be congruous, or it may be
incongruous, so long as they do but lash the Dissenters, and at

(a) As they do in Cathedral Worship.

(b) Dr. Samuel Annesly lies interr'd in Shoreditch Church,
in the same Grave with his Wife Mrs. Mary Annesly.

every second or third Sentence to help the PUMP (for your own Confession (a) "*That you were wont to use Hums and vain Repetitions in the Pulpit, 'till you cou'd find what next to say*") as loud as you are able to speak, comes for Banter upon your first Ordination, at which your *High-Flying Hearers* are strangely transported, and fall a laughing, which are the *Spiritual Hums, and Plaudite's* of a *Jacobite Convivial*, and signify that the Man comes off very well acting his Part upon that *Perkenite Theater*.

Now (Mr. Informer) if this be your *Way of Praying* (or rather Canting) what is your *INFORMING* against the Dissenters Prayers, but the *Kettle calling the Pot black* as if you were you a *Praying Angel* (instead of a *Preaching Weathercock*); yet you see by the *light and indecent Expressions* of the D—Mr. Bayly,— and the Bishop's saying of Prayers,— how ridiculous 'tis for a Clergy-man to turn Informer against the Dissenters, 'till the Divines of our Church are (all *Hosannas, Bissets, Mayos, or*) Men of as unblemish'd Characters for he that cleanses a *Blot with blotted Fingers*, does but make the greater *Blur*, or at best daubs himself; than can true Churchmen ever charge the Dissenters Prayers with *Blasphemy or Nonsense*, or hire Men at two Shillings a Prayer to misrepresent their Words, and perhaps their Meanings? No sure I am, none but *DESERTERS* (b) (as Dr. Williams call the late *Turncoats, or Preaching Weathercocks*) will ever be guilty of so much Impudence— How! — Inform against the Prayers of Dissenting Ministers, who have no other *PLOT* either in their Lives, Prayers or Sermons, but to promote Piety, and to convert Souls, neither have some *Conformists* been less indecent and vain in their Sermons (as well as Prayers) than the most whimsical Dissenter has ever been so that I think all Parties may shake Hands, repent of all they have done amiss, and resolve upon no Contention for the Time to come, but who shall be most Religious, or (Mr. Hilton) if you doubt this, read ——— *The New-Year Gift for the High-Church Clergy* ——— which tells you, the Benefice of James Bradshaw, Vicar of St. Peter's Chalfont, was sequester'd for telling his Auditors, "*That to preach twice on the Lord's Day, is a damnable Sin; and that to use any Prayer besides the Book of Common-Prayer, was likewise a damnable Sin, and wished that all Lecturers were hanged*— The Benefice of Dr. Mountford was sequester'd for substituting a very scandalous Curate, who preach'd, "*That Man*"

(a) In your *Postscript* to your late Pamphlet, intituled—*Episcopacy Vindicated*.

(b) See Dr. Williams's Sermon, intituled, *An Enquiry into the present Duty of Protestant Dissenters*.

"Conscience was neither good nor quiet, that cou'd not be content with one Sermon on the Lord's Day ——— The Benefice of *Thomas Henry*, Vicar of *Arundel*, was sequestered for checking his Parishioners for desiring preaching so much, telling them, "That he would make them content with a Homily" and before he had done with them, wou'd make them glad of one "Sermon in a Month—The Benefice of *Walter Mattock*, Parson of *Storrington*, was sequestered for saying, "That none but a "Company of giddy-headed Fellows wou'd preach twice a Day—The Benefice of *Thomas Vaughan* of *Chatham*, was sequestered for affirming, "That to preach in Season, is to preach on Sunday in the Forenoon, and out of Season in the Afternoon; and endeavoured to hinder his Parishioners from going to hear Sermons else where, when they had none at Home, affirming to them, "That it was as lawful for him to use *Dalliance*, or lie with his Neighbour's Wife, as for any to go from their own Parish.

Bishop *Latimer* was very smart against unpreaching Prelates, and of later Times, the Lord *Faulkland* in his Speech in Parliament, charg'd some of that Order, that they preach'd seldom, and discountenanc'd them that wou'd preach often; and not long before the Wars, a Minister that had been with his Diocessian, said, that upon his quoting of Bishop *Davenant* to the Bishop, in justification of something he said, that the Bishop reply'd, *what do you talk of him, a preaching Coxcomb*; but sure I am, a good Stomach can digest Two Meals a Day, and why may not a Soul of a healthful Constitution, have Two Meals a Week? I believe the Christians of *Russia*, have never the fatter Souls for going in lean Pastures, for two Meals I mean two Sermons a Year.

Now (Mr. Informer) if these unpreaching Tempers, horrid Blasphemies, and indecent Expressions in some Churchmen, are of too old a Date, to shame you out of your Informing against the Dissenters, peruse a MODERN PASSAGE, that shews that one of our own Church, (and he no less than a Prelate) is as much obnoxious to censure in one of his Sermons, as any Dissenting Minister can be in his Prayers, and the Passage was related by that worthy Gentleman, Mr. I ——— B ———, to my kind Friend, Mr. D ——— W ———, and that I may no ways impose on the World, or wrong that learned Prelate that is here charg'd with Impertinence, (for I dare not give it a worse Name in such a good Man, as the Bishop was ever accounted) I'll here relate the Discovery, as 'twas sent to me in the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton, ——— Upon your Request, I have spoken to Mr. B ——— upon what I spoke to you about, and he told me, that

that upon the Information of a Friend, that my Lord of H—— was to preach a Lent Sermon at his own Parish Church, he went out of Curiosity to hear him, thinking to hear something extraordinary, from his Lordship, when Mr. B—— came to the Church the Bishop was preaching upon this Text, John x. 27. My Sheep hear my Voice, and I know them, and they follow me, From which Words the Bishop was setting forth Christ's great Love to his Disciples, under the Similitude of a Loving Shepherd; he also shew'd the Nature and Duty of all such as are Christ's Sheep; and in his Application shew'd the Duty of all the true Disciples of Christ by his Example, If I have thus loved you, how ought you to love one another? for it is the true Nature of Sheep to know the Voice of the Shepherd, and unanimously to agree, and by one consent mutually in love to follow him and not a Stranger, from whence the Bishop inferr'd, That if we lov'd the Shepherd, we must love the Sheep also, yea, the very Shepherd's Dog, he being useful to drive the Flock, and to keep the Flock together, as well as the Shepherd, to lead them, and also to fetch in the wandring and straying Sheep: So that the Bishop made it plainly appear, that the Dog was as useful and serviceable to the Shepherd as the Sheep; and what the Dog did in that Respect, was in love and obedience to his Master the Shepherd — ERGO — The very Dog of the Flock ought to be lov'd for his Usefulness and Service to his Master; you all (said the Bishop) know the common saying amongst us— Love me love my Dog— So he that does not love Christ does not love his Disciples, and he that does not love the Shepherd, cannot love the Sheep; and so consequently cannot love the Dog of the Flock, which notwithstanding the meanness of his Person and Service, ought to be lov'd: So that if we profess our selves Christians, and Lovers of Christ, and followers of him as our good Shepherd, we must love the very meanest Servant of the Flock, if he be but as a Dog. — Thus far Mr. W—— Who adds in the Conclusion of his Letter, that he was encourag'd to send me this Account of the Bishop's Sermon, as he had it from so credible a Hand as Mr. J—B—— So that if any Prelate thinks good to WINCE at this Character of the Shepherd's Dog, I am ready to name that worthy Gentleman who was an Ear-witness to all that is related in my Friend's Letter; for (Reputation is a tender Thing) and I never did, nor never will say any thing to lessen any Man's Character (but more especially of A FATHER IN GOD, as our Bishops are call'd) but what I can fully prove: Then surely (Mr. Weathercock) the reminding you of these Indecencies in the Sermons of some Conformists (as well as in that of their Prayers) will cure you of all future Informing against Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Bragg, or any other Dissenting Ministers, for you greatly

wrong

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wrong 'em in saying, *their Prayers are composed of Nonsense and Blasphemy*, or had their Prayers been as *blasphemous, light and indecent*, as you represented 'em to Mr. W— yet cou'd you forget that Dr. Mountford, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Henry, Mr. Mattock—and Mr. Vaughan—were all Conformists and High-Flighers, that had their Livings sequestered for their scandalous Lives and decrying *serious and constant Preaching*; and if you consider the Character of *Irish Hug — us*, or of Dr. S ——— (as drawn by Mr. Bisset in his *Modern Fanatick*) you'll find that some of the *High-Flyers* of these Times, are not a Jot behind the former in *Profaneness, Blasphemy and Nonsense*, and if they durst, wou'd rail as much against *constant Preaching*, as now they do against the Dissenters; but sure Mr. Hilton (for 'till you repent of Informing, Hilton reviv'd is the Name I shall give you) the VILE THINGS charg'd upon these Conformists, shou'd a little humble your further Search after *Blasphemy and Nonsense* amongst the Dissenting Ministers (who are generally Men of unblemish'd Lives) and therefore 'twou'd be more for your Credit, to inform against the *Drunken Sons of the Church*, then to mis-represent the Dissenters, or to be making Faults where you find none; but indeed this looking at home can't be expected from an *Informing Weathercock*, who makes Medling and Impertinence his whole Business, and turns every Way but into his own Breast; for idle Clergymen, that live at Ease, and as the manner of Speaking is, enjoy themselves, that are more abroad than at home, and as seldom in their Studies as in their Pulpits, think 'tis Piety enough for a Priest to rail or inform against such as he calls Schismatics ——— These conform, perhaps, above Conformity sometimes, whose Surplices are as Cloaks for their Faults, and their pretended Loyalty makes them impregnable against deserv'd Censures, many of these concert with Companions of a Feather inflame one another into a Degree of Madness: These drive away their People from the CHURCH, and when they are gone to DISSENTERS, throw after them, and revile those that entertain them better, such as these with all their might, cry *the Church, the Church*, declaim (like Mountford, Bradshaw and Henry) against much Preaching, (and is not that a good way to save their Pains, by calling it needless) much Preaching (say these Men) *hath spoil'd the World*; I hate these Presbyterians (quoth informing Will ———) *nothing will serve them but preaching*; such as these cry out against Calvin, the Fanaticks, and run over their Railery as Papists do their Beads; these are afraid of the Admission of more good Preachers, as knowing they must then take more, and better Pains, or else be exposed.

Now

Now do you think (*Informing William*) your Short-Hand Writer cou'd have match'd these foregoing Instances for *Blasphemy and Nonsense* in the Prayers of Dr. Williams, Mr. Burges, or Mr. Bragg? MATCH 'EM! No, for certain he cou'd not; for (tho' I have formerly been too full of Resentments, and I fear too much prejudic'd against Persons that differ from me in Religious Matters) yet I shall do Dr. Williams, Mr. Burges, and Mr. Bragg, the Justice to say, their PRAYERS and SERMONS are so far from *Blasphemy and Nonsense*, that the Matter and Stile both of their Prayers and Sermons, hath all the Properties that can recommend any thing to an *INGENIOUS RELISH*, 'Tis manly and yet plain, natural, and yet not careless; their Epithets are genuine, their Words proper and familiar, their Periods smooth and of middle Proportion; it is not broken with Ends of Latin, nor impertinent Quotations, nor made harsh by hard Words or needless Terms of Art, nor render'd intricate by long Parentheses, nor gaudy by flanting Metaphors, nor tedious by wide Fetches and Circumferences of Speech, nor dark by too much curtness of Expression; 'tis not loose and unjointed, rugged and uneven, but as polite, and as fast as Marble; and briefly, avoids all the notorious Defects, and wants none of the proper Ornaments of Language. I say proper, for STYLES are Clothes that must be fitted to the Subjects they are upon, and alter'd according to the different Kinds of Things they describe and express; nay, even Mr. Burges himself, who you design'd first to inform against (as you thought his Prayers and Sermons most obnoxious to Censure) "Is a very solid Divine, his Discourses "are always well furnish'd with SUBSTANCE, and he "knows how to make 'em FINE enough when he pleases, "were it not for some little Comedy, and too much Freedom in "Expression, he might well be reckon'd one of the First-Rate Preachers of the Age. Mr. Burges is well known, "and every Body can tell you some Story or other of him, "tho' they never regard the Truth of it, if it be but comical enough, they can throw it at his Door: POOR INFORMING WRETCH (full as false and vile, as she that accused that truly innocent and excellent Divine, Mr. Rowell) are these those Three Dissenting Ministers whose Prayers were to be first charg'd with *Blasphemy and Nonsense*? when even John Dunton (a Church-man and prejudic'd Person) must do 'em all Three the Justice to say, they have few Equals and no Superiors (either in the Church of England, or among Dissenters) for Piety, Learning and refin'd Sense; and let the High-Flyers call me Trimmer as long as they please, for admiring the LOYAL PRAYERS of those Three Nonconformists you wou'd fain (cou'd you have hir'd a Short-Hand Writer to have sworn against 'em) wrest into *Blasphemy or Treason* yet

for my own Part, I thank God I am inclin'd by my particular Complexion, as well as by my Reason, to take as much Pleasure to do right to the Deserts of Excellent Persons, as some are to malign and defame them; and in what I have said against your Folly and Impudence, in attempting to take in Short-Hand the Prayers of Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess, and Mr. Bragg, to shew 'em to the Bishop of London who being a pious and generous Prelate, wou'd certainly have re- buked you for so base an Action) I have not only satisfy'd my own Mind, but I hope so fix'd your—— Informing Weathercock—— that 'twill never more turn Evidence; for by these Practices (to use Dr. Williams Words) (a) “The most wicked and profane come to obtain Opportunity, and gain a Handle to asperse and abuse Men who appear truly godly; yea, Holiness it self, so far that the most godly Persons of their own Communion, are by them branded with the Name of Presbyterians, a Title with them more odious than that of Papists.

Thus (Mr. Weathercock) I have as fully clear'd the Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers of—— Blasphemy and Non- sense—— as I did before of—— Formality—— 'Tis true, you that took the Name of God in vain, and swore in a profane manner, upon the Disappointment your scrupulous and consciencious Short-Hand Writer, had given you, will be ready to say the contrary; and perhaps (having promis'd a Sight of Mr. Burgess's Prayers to the Bishop of London) you'll now search for some IRISH EVIDENCE, that shall make The Dissenters Prayers in the same Words you wou'd have said, but remember (Sir Fickle) if your Weathercock turns any more to the Informing Point of the Compass, I'm fully resolv'd to prove you one of those DAMN'D CONFOUNDED BRUTES you have so often call'd your Wife and M—— for you have so little of the MAN, and so much of the BEAST in you, 'tis a Paradox easily prov'd) and I'll do it in all the Pulpits you have profan'd with your Recantation, for as I'll ask so I'll give no Quarter, till your Vertuous Wife and Pious Mother declares you a true Penitent; and therefore all I ask is A Clear Stage, for he that has the Impudence to call such First Rate Preachers as—— Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Bragg,—— Formalists, Blasphemous Non- sensical Railers against the Clergy, Enemies to the Peace, and Men of Republican Spirits,—— will scarce be inclinable to spare such an inconsiderable Author as John Dunton that dares defend their Innocence, which I shall always do, for I hate a Turncoat, and think an informing one the DEVIL:

(a) In his Sermon intitled, An Enquiry into the present Duty of Protestant Dissenters.

'Tis true, I have my self the Honour to be the Son of an Eminent Clergy-man (my Reverend Father Mr. JOHN DUNTON dying Rector of *Alton Churston*, as considerable a Living as most is in all *Buckingham-shire*) so that by Birth, as well as Principle, I write my self a true and constant Son of the Church of England; and for that Reason those little Narrow-sould Christians that appropriate their Faith and Charity to a CANTON may wonder I shou'd vindicate the Dissenters Prayers; but let such Party-Christians (whether Whig or Tory) live in a little Corner of the World by themselves, they are hardly worthy to enjoy the Benefit and Influence of an universal Sun and Gospel; for my own Share, I profess my self, A Son of the Church of England without Respect to Parties, and therefore shall be as forward to speak the Truth of a Dissenting Minister, as I shall of one that conforms to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, I'll make no Difference, because such a Man is a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, but speak Truth of all Men that the Sun shines upon, and the Divine Providence is concern'd with; I have heard the Nonconformists villify'd, and represented according to the Fancies and Passions, or Interests of Men, I dare not but be just to them, as to Eminent Professors of the Christian Faith, and think that common Christianity hath suffer'd by their silencing, and for "No Pretended Crime (as Dr. Williams observes in his Sermon at *Salter's-Hall*) except NONCONFORMITY: Then (Mr. Informer) do your worst, for if I have said any Thing under This Informing Point of your Compass, that may serve to convince that Pious and Eminent Prelate (the present Bishop of London) that you have wrongfully charg'd the Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers with—— Formality, Blisphemy, Nonsense—— or if it may but put his Lordship upon Inquiry to search out your LEUD CHARACTER, that he may never be impos'd on by the false Accounts you or your Short-hand Writers may hereafter give of the Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers, I have all I design'd in proving that—— Informing against Dr. Williams, Mr. Burgess, and Mr. Bragg—— was the Third Point of your Weathercock Compass, and for that Reason shall be contented to bear as much Contempt as either your Answer or your Silence can cast upon me; But Mr. Hilton, if you shou'd think fit to justify The Informing Point of your Compass, I must desire that you wou'd rail no more in General Terms, but name the Persons, and produce your Evidences (as I shall fairly do in my Vindication of these Sheets) otherwise all that you can say against the Dissenters may be justly esteem'd as idle and impertinent as that Recantation in *White-Chappel*, that has occasion'd me to prove you an Informing as well as a Preaching Weathercock, for which

which I suppose you'll call me A CANTER, OR DAMN'D WHIGG (as is usual with Men of your loose Principles) but I shall think it no disgrace to be call'd A Canter, as I find 'tis the best Word you can give to those *Three Eminent Dissenting Ministers* you design'd to inform against; but seeing the *Extempore Prayers* of those *Shining Lights*, have been call'd *Canting*, by more profane Tongues than *Will*——
R——son, I will here (as a further Proof that their *Extempore Prayers* are free of all *Cant*, *Blasphemy* and *Nonsense*) fairly prove that there is nothing in their *Secret or Publick Prayer*, that deserves to be call'd *CANT*, for as for their *Affectionate Way of Utterance* (which you Informers, or High-Flyers commonly call *CANT*) I suppose it may be a Means to move themselves, and others to suitable Affections to the Duty they are about; *Vocal Prayer*, where it can conveniently be used, is by some preferred before *Mental*, because 'tis a Means to *excite Affections and prevent Distraction*; one End of Prayer (as a very learned Author tells us) *Is not to move, or affect God, but our selves, that we may be fit to receive the good Things that we beg of him*, and then those Words and Phrases, and that Way of Utterance or speaking which is MOST AFFECTIONATE and least affected, which is best adapted to the Matter of the Prayer, and productive also of good Effects in our selves and others, is so far from being *Blasphemy, Nonsense or CANT* (as the Scoffers at serious Prayer generally call it) it ought to be esteem'd least liable to blame or Exception; for what is Prayer? *But the Exaltation of the Soul, the Flight of a sublimated Spirit: It makes a Man an Angel pro Tempore, while his obstructed Mind takes the wing and soars aloft, hovering on the Borders of Paradise: He breaths immortal Airs, burns like a Seraphim, and flames out with holy and defecate Fires, like the most extasy'd Orders of the celestial Court; yet (as I hinted before) I neither censure such a use an allowable Form (but greatly approve it) provided it be accompany'd with attentive Devotion, and less those who (like the Bishop of Sarum, or the zealous Pomfret) address themselves to Heaven in Words of their own choosing, provided it be season'd with Discretion and a modest sobriety of Spirit; for when a Man fitly qualify'd, endu'd with Learning too, and above that ADORN'D WITH A GOOD SENSE (as all must own Bishop Burnet, and Mr. Pomfret are) speaks out into warm and well deliver'd Prayer before his Congregation, it hath the Appearance of a divine Rapture, he raiseth and leadeth the Hearts of the Assembly in another Manner, than the most compos'd or best studied Form of Words can do; and those FORMAL SUPPLICANTS, who serve out all the Sermon with the same garnishing, wou'd look like many Statues, or Men of straw, in the Pulpit, compar'd*

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with

with those who speak with such A POWERFUL ZEAL, that Men are tempted at the Moment to believe Heaven it self hath directed their Words to them, which *Flaming Zeal* (or fervent Address to Heaven) is so far from *Blasphemy* or *CANT* that 'tis the most Spiritual and Refin'd Part of Devotion.

Thus (*Mr. Weathercock*) have I largely (and I hope clearly) prov'd, that *The Prayers of the Dissenting Ministers are full of all that Formality — Blasphemy — and Nonsense —* that you (and all such Scoffers at serious Piety as you are) charge 'em with; I shall next answer your false Accusation in your saying, the Dissenting Ministers in their Prayers — *Rail at the Clergy of the Church of England — And at the Peace in Agitation.*

Mr. Hilton, this false Charge will be best answer'd, by telling the World tis my Opinion, you never was at a Meeting-House in your Life but when you preach'd your self, and then I don't wonder you have heard so much railing by Dissenting Minister against the Clergy of the Church of England; for Railing is so naturally your Talent, that before your Conformity, your whole Life and Sermons seem'd to little else than a Satyr upon the Episcopal Clergy, or if your IGNORANCE of the great Respect the Dissenting Ministers ever pay'd to the Clergy of the Church of England, don't excuse your asserting the Contrary, I shall then take it for granted, you are return'd to — your old Trade of Lying — for (as I prov'd in P. 52.) you are a Man that will not lye or deceive him who never trusts you (which is the highest Flight in Truth you have ever soar'd to) for I prov'd in P. 55. you are a common, or Proteus Liar, of which there need no further Proof than your — INFORMING AGAINST THE DISSENTERS PRAYERS — which is a Lye in Scotland — and what (considering your debauch'd Life) all your own Prayers and Fasts but Lyes in Hippocrisy Lying not only to Men, but to the HOLY GHOST: Sure (Sir) you lye meerly for the Sake of Lying, or wou'd with a little more Contrivance, I mean wou'd make your Lyes hang a little better together then to say — Dissenting Ministers rail at the Clergy of the Church of England — for the Dissenters are so far from giving Episcopal Clergy any hard Names, that DOCTOR WILLIAMS (one of the Dissenting Ministers you design'd to form against) says expressly, “ No Endeavours of the glorious Instrument of our Deliverance; no Methods adjusted by wise moderate Bishops; no Calamities attending a tedious War, (where Union is so necessary); no danger of Popery however great, able to this Day to abate these humane Impositions — *Mr. Informer*, Consider your Evidence once more — Is Railing at the Clergy of the Church of England? To call
Bish

Bishops (those FATHERS IN GOD——) *Wise and moderate Men*—— Nay, so far is Dr. Williams from Railing at the Clergy of the Church of England, that he says (in the Words before recited) — *Union is necessary with such Bishops*— And Mr. W— (the Dissenter that has detected the Informing Point of your Compass——) is so far from Railing at the Clergy of the Church of England, that he says in his Letter to me, “ *He should be sorry if all the Reverend Clergy of the Church of England, were like Will—— R—— dson, but blessed be God (says Mr. W——) we have Right Reverend Bishops Men of uncommon Worth and Piety, we have also famous Men amongst the inferiour Clergy: Sir, is this Dissenters calling the Divines of our Church, — Persons of uncommon Worth, and famous Men;—— railing at ’em—— Fie! Fie! (Mr. Weathercock) either leave Preaching, or leave INFORMING, I mean, LYING, (for they are Synonymous Points in your Compass).*”

I cou’d proceed to other Instances, and prove that —— Dr. Calamy—— Mr. Burges—— Mr. Bragg—— Mr. Henry—— Mr. Robinson—— Mr. Tongue—— Mr. Nesbit—— Mr. Cotton—— Mr. Shower—— Mr. Gravenor—— Mr. Stennet—— Mr. Dixon—— Mr. Baxter—— Mr. Andrews—— Mr. Reynolds—— Mr. Willcox—— Mr. Roswell—— Mr. Wats—— Mr. Bradbury—— Mr. Wright—— Mr. Ruffel—— Mr. Marriat—— Mr. Freak—— and other Dissenters of Note (whether Clergymen or Laymen) speak well of the Clergy of the Church of England, and I verily think, were the Surplice, Part of an Oath in the Act of Uniformity, and Crossing in Baptism dispens’d with, and Kneeling at the Sacrament left indifferent, *Pluralities* taken away, and a few other Things (which our Church calls *INDIFFERENT*) abated, they would all unite as Brethren in one National Church; and as this wou’d tend to the Peace and Honour of the Church of England, I hope we shall live to see such *A Glorious Act of Comprehension*—— Thus you see (*False Accuser*) the Dissenting Ministers are so far from Railing at the Clergy of the Church of England that the small Difference between ’em won’t justify Heats, and that when our Church is blest with such Pious and Moderate Clergy as now adorn it, they truly respect and honour them — and the Dissenting Ministers are as far from — *Speaking against the Peace now in Agitation*—— (as they are against slandering the Clergy of the Church of England) for both in Private and Publick they pray (as W—— observes in his Letter to me)—— For a good honourable, lasting and safe *PEACE*—— and of this they have as many Witnesses as they have Hearers every Lord’s Day, then with what Face (*SHAMELESS MAN*) cou’d you tell

tell Mr. W ——— That the Dissenting Ministers speak against the Peace now in Agitation ——— 'Tis Strange, were your Accusation true, that Moderate Churchmen that have so many Opportunities of understanding the Dissenters Opinions (by conversing with them, and sometimes hearing them preach at *Saliers-Hall*, and at their Morning Lecture) should not hear them ——— *Speak one Word against the Peace* ——— when you High-Flyers (who never go near their Meetings except as Informers) can hear them speak against it, tho' the Peace is a Thing they heartily wish and pray for ——— Sir have you learned the Mystery of Peeping into their Breasts thro' *Momus's Window*, and have you discover'd by the Help of that ingenious Device, that their Hearts and their Tongues do not agree, and that their Thoughts are directly opposite to what they have so often declared by their Words: It would be very hard to unriddle these Things, but that it is commonly seen that Men decide Controversies in Government, as they do in Divinity, not so much with their Understandings as their Passions; however this is certain your saying, — the Dissenting Ministers speak against the Peace now in Agitation — is a Falshood they contradict in their publick Prayers every Sunday; her Majesty's scrupulous Subjects (I mean the Dissenters) cannot drink her Health, like the High-Flyers, till till they reel and stagger, yet they can pray for her long Life and glorious Reign; "Let us (says Mr. W ———) carry on the Interest of Religion and the Nation — Let all Faction and Rebellion retire into its dark Cell" — And let us be loving and obedient Subjects to her present Majesty, whom God grant long to reign over us ——— We see by this Loyal Dissenter, how earnestly the Whigs pray for a Peace, and how truly Loyal they ever were: WHIG LOYALTY (tho' blacken'd and mis-represented by Pulpit Incendiaries) was never yet a Weathercock, it never changes (under any Ministry) but is still the same under all Events: Henry the II. at the Siege of *Bridgnorth* had been slain, had not *Sr. Herbert Sinclair* receiv'd the Arrow aim'd at him, in stepping betwixt the Shaft and his Sovereign, and therewith was shot thorough: I don't think there's a Revolution Protestant in Great Britain but what would shew the same Loyalty to Queen ANN; for they pray for the Queen (and a good Peace) as often as they do for themselves, and they do it with the same HEARTINESS (a) as Dr. Annesly was wont to pray for King WILLIAM and Queen MARY. In a

(a) Dr. Annesly's Utterance was not remiss, but earnest, as one concern'd to profit others, being himself affected, and having something that very peculiarly expressed his HEARTINESS in all he said — See his Funeral Sermon preach'd by Dr. Williams.

Word,

Word, the Non-conformists are so far from praying against the Peace now in Agitation—— that I believe in my Conscience, the Queen has not more Peaceable or Loyal Subjects in all her Dominions than the Dissenting Ministers, and as black as you design'd to make 'em (had not your Short-hand Writer been an honest Man than to wrong his Conscience to serve a Party). I find Charles the Second thought 'em as Loyal as any Subjects he had, for in his Declaration of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Octob. 25. 1660; he there says, "When we were in Holland, we were attended by many grave and learned Ministers from hence, who were looked upon as most able and principal Assertors of the Presbyterian Opinions, with whom we had as much Conference as the multitude of Affairs, which were then upon us, wou'd permit us to have, and to our great Satisfaction and Comfort found them Persons full of Affection to us, of Zeal for the Peace of the Church and State, and neither Enemies (as they have been given out to be) to Episcopacy, or Liturgy, but mostly to desire such Alterations in either as without shaking Foundations, might allay the present Distempers, which the Indisposition of the Times, and Tendernefs of some Mens Consciences had contracted.

Thus (Sir Fickle) I have fairly argu'd from the Principles and Practices of the Dissenting Ministers, and even from the Words of a King—— (who had as much Conference with them, as the multitude of his own Affairs would permit) that they can be—— No Enemies to the Peace now in Agitation, or in any Plot against Church or State—— I could enlarge in their VINDICATION, but I hope I have said enough (or wou'd say a great deal more) to clear THE DISSIDENTING MINISTERS of that—— Formality—— Blasphemy—— Nonsense—— Railing at the Clergy—— And abuse of the Peace—— which like a meer Hilton, (or Informing Weathercock) you charge 'em with; and therefore having sufficiently prov'd you a FALSE EVIDENCE, I shall conclude my Remarks (upon W——s Letter) with a Word or two of their Eminent Piety and strict Morals (which you seem to deny in the foregoing Charges) and then proceed to the Fourth Point of your Weathercock-Compass—— And here, Sir I am my self so ABSOLUTE a Conformist, that I resolve to live and die in the Communion of the Church of England, yet I can't but own that the Protestant Dissenter (or true Williamite) is much a better Christian, and better Moralift, than any High Church-man I ever met with (my worthy and generous Friend Mr. W—— L—— only excepted) the Sincerity and Morality of the Dissenting Clergy is conspicuous almost in every thing, they have—— Great Understanding in the Scripture—— Skill in Original, and other useful Learning—— Are Orthodox in Judgment—— Free from Heresy——

Heresy—Consent to the avowed Doctrines of the Church of England—Have the Gift of Utterance—Are willing and desirous to serve in the Gospel of Christ—and do all submit to a strict Examination before they take upon them the Pastoral Charge——and some of 'em have given a full Proof of their Fitness for it, even to an Excellency above most in our own Church; for where's a Divine of the Church of England that has exceeded, —Dr. Owen— Dr. Bates—Dr. Manton—Dr. Oldfield— Mr. Charnock—— Mr. Baxter—— Mr. Alsop—— Mr. How—— Mr. Boyse— Mr. Wats— Mr. Rosewell—Mr. Bradbury— Mr. Gravener—— Mr. Wright—— and Mr. Marriat, for deep Learning and true Eloquence, which I don't extol to lessen the shining Lights of the Church of England (for where's a greater Divine in the whole World than—— Bishop Usher—— Bishop Tillotson—— Bishop Stillingfleet—— Bishop Taylor—— Bishop Sprat—— Bishop Patrick—— Bishop Wake—— Dr. Hammond—— Dr. Barrow—— Dr. Sherlock—— Dr. Horneck—— Dr. South—— Dr. Lucas) but mesrly to shew what a vile thing it was (in Will—— R——dson) to mis-represent the Prayers of such Excellent Preachers as Dr. Williams, Mr. Burges, Mr. Bragg; neither can I be thought to flatter the Dissenting Ministers in this PANEGIRICK, seeing all true (or moderate) Churchmen givethem the same Character; for their Ministerial Abilities allowing them but those Grains which no Man of Charity denies, and no Man of any Abilities can pass for current without; they are (as the Conformists in his Plea for the Nonconformists observes) “ Eminent for Variety of excellent and useful Learning, and known to the Church of God, by many rare Pieces of Practical Divinity, and Controversal, besides the many Tracts of Particular Men, that will be valued, while Christianity hath any name among Ages to come—— See but a Specimen of their Dexterity in PRACTICAL DIVINITY, in those Lectures call'd—— The Morning Exercises at Cripplegate—— Supplement—— Continuation—— and Casuistical Morning Exercises—— all publish'd by my Reverend Father Dr. Samuel Annesly (and printed for John Duntton)—— For POSITIVE in—— their Morning Exercises at St. Giles's in the Fields—— Dr. Bates Harmony—— Mr. Charnock on the Attributes—— Mr. How's Blessedness of the Righteous—— For EXPOSITORY in—— Mr. Pool's Annotations upon the whole Bible—— Mr. Henry's Comment upon the old Testament—— Dr. Manton's Paraphrase on the 119th Psalm—— and Dr. Owen's Notes on the Hebrews—— And their POLEMICAL in their—— Morning Exercises against Popery—— Dr. Williams Gospel Truth—— Mr. Alsop's Melius Inquirendum—— Dr. Calamy's Moderate Noncon

Nonconformity ——— and in Mr. Robinson's Answer to Mr. Benner's Brief History.

And thus you see (Mr. Weathercock) as much as you blacken the Dissenting Ministers, they are not a jot inferior to the Clergy of the Church of England, for Piety towards God — For strict Morals and Eminent Learning ——— For Praying for a speedy Peace — And for Loyalty towards the Queen — But that there may be no more Railing either — in the High Churchmen against the Dissenters, or in the Dissenters against the High Churchmen, (but that we may all unite in a Peace at HOME, as well as in a Peace at UTRECHT) I'll close these Remarks upon W — s Letter with ——— A Form of Prayer ——— which I hope all serious Christians will join in seeing 'tis ——— A Prayer for Union among our selves ——— and is as follows,

A PRAYER for UNION among our selves.

Blessed Jesu, our Saviour and our Peace; who didst shed thy precious Blood upon the Cross, that thou might'st abolish and destroy all Enmity among Men, and reconcile them in one Body unto God: Look down in much Pity and Compassion upon this Distressed Church and Nation; whose bleeding Wounds occasion'd by the lamentable Divisions that are among us, cry aloud for thy speedy Help and saving Relief; Stir up, we beseech thee, every Soul of us, carefully (as becomes sincere Christians) to root out of our Hearts all Pride and Vain-glory, all Wrath and Bitterness, all unjust Prejudice and causeless Jealousy, all Hatred and Malice, and desire of Revenge, and whatsoever it is, that may any way exasperate our Minds, or hinder us from discerning the things that belong unto our Peace: And by the Power of thy Holy Spirit of Peace, dispose all our Hearts to such meekness of Wisdom, and lowliness of Mind, such calm and deliberate Long-suffering, and Forbearance of one another in Love, with such due esteem of those whom thou hast set over us to watch for our Souls, as may turn the Hearts of the Fathers to the Children, and the Hearts of the Children to the Fathers; that so we may become a ready People, prepar'd to live in Peace, and the God of Peace may be with us: To this End, give us all Grace, O Lord, seriously to lay to heart, not only the great Dangers we are in at present, by these unhappy Divisions, but also the great Obligations to this godly Union and Concord, which lie upon us: That as there is but one Body, and one Spirit, and one Hope of our Calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all; so we may henceforth be all of one Heart, and of one Soul, closely united in one holy Bond of Truth and Peace, of Faith and Charity; and may with one Mind, and one Mouth glorify thee, O Lord, the Prince of Peace, who with thy blessed Father, in the Unity of the Holy Spirit

*Spirit, livest and reignest ever one God, World without End.
A men.*

Sir——The Fourth Vicious Point I shall detect in your Weathercock Compass is—*Your Prophaning the Lord's Day*—in that daring and impudent Manner as has no Parallel in the Practice of the most *harden'd Atheist* I ever heard of, and to be sure not in a Clergy-man that pretends to be so Religious as to leave the Dissenters to ease his Conscience of a woful Schism——And here that you may be no more misrepresented in the Fourth Point of your Compass, then you were in the First, Second and Third Points, I'll detect your —*Prophaning the Lord's Day, and other Extravagance that has attended that heinous Sin*—as 'twas sent to me (in a Letter) by A GRAVE MATRON, who afterwards solemnly assured me with her own Mouth, there was nothing in the Letter she had sent to me, but what——*she'd own at any time*——and she promises the same Thing in her Letter to me, and to Mr. H—— of *Shadwell*: So that this——*Fourth Point of your Compass*——(tho' it prove you as black as Hell, or rather a Devil incarnat) is what I can fully prove, it being a Letter sent to me by a very credible Matron, and is as follows, viz.

Mr. Dunton,

“ I Went Yesterday to the *Sword* in *Newstreet*, to give you a Visit, but not finding you at home, I make bold to give you this Trouble; I perceive you are Printing the Life of that PREACHING WEATHERCOCK Mr. R——dson, as far as you can trace him; I cou'd heartily wish, Madam B—— his Wife's Mother (who is a Person of an honest fair and pious Character—— as you'll find if you'll step to Mr. Abby in *Old Swan Lane*, or to Mr. Greening, who lives near him) had made as Diligent an Inquiry before she had marry'd her Daughter to him as I perceive you have done; she wou'd certainly then have prevented the Ruin of her Family (and the best of Children, I mean her Daughter) and wou'd also have prevented the bringing her Grey Head with Sorrow to the Grave—— Sir, Shou'd I send you a Narrative of my woful Experiences of him, it wou'd swell your—— Secret History of his Life—— to a great Bulk; for I cou'd relate to you abundance of his Shameful Behaviour, and will do it, if he don't speedily reform, but I fear you are already so plentifully stor'd with DISCOVERIES about him, that mine may very well be spared, the Secret I shall now send to you (with my free Consent that you shou'd

" shou'd make 'em publick, for he's so harden'd in Wick-
 " edness, nothing less than a Publication of it will ever re-
 " form him) are the vile Pranks he has acted since his Conformi-
 " ty, but they make such an ODD MEDLEY I can't ob-
 " serve any Method in the DISCOVERIES I make, but must
 " relate Things just as they come to my Memory.

" And here I shall first inform you, in what-- a daring
 " and impudent Manner he profanes the Sabbath ——— which
 " Discovery take in the following Words, viz. ——— March
 " the 16th, being Lord's Day in the Morning ——— his
 " Wife's Mother sent to him by her Maid, to desire him
 " not to make such a Noise, and when the Maid told him
 " what his Mother requested of him, he call'd her ———
 " Nasty Devil ——— the Maid reply'd it was no harm his
 " Mother said, for which Words he beat her about the Head
 " with his Shoe, which made the Maid cry out sadly, and
 " and was ill several Days after ——— on Sunday Night ———
 " he began to quarrel as soon as ever he came home, and
 " when the Maid was putting away the Supper, he bid her
 " fetch him a Candle; his Wife said, Let the Maid put away
 " the Table and then she shall; and when his Mother, Wife
 " and Maid were all above Stairs, he took that Opportunity
 " to take up Coals to warm his Bed, his Wife met him and
 " said, Give me the Pan, then he threw the Pan and Coals all
 " about the House; his Wife's Mother said nothing all this
 " Time, at last she said, Let him alone and see what he will do;
 " so he went to bed, but lay raving, calling his Mother
 " ——— Old, damn'd confounded Bitch ——— upon which she
 " took the BIBLE, and read to him the Eight last Verses of
 " the Fiftieth Psalm, which are these following, — But unto
 " the Wicked, God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my
 " Statutes, or that thou should'st take my Covenant in thy
 " Mouth ——— Seeing thou hatest Instruction, and castest my
 " Words behind thee ——— When thou sawest a Thief then thou
 " consentest with him, and hast been partaker with Adulter-
 " vers ——— Thou givest thy Mouth to Evil, and thy Tongue
 " frameth Deceit ——— Thou sittest and speakest against thy
 " Brother, thou slanderest thine own Mother's Son ——— These
 " Things hast thou done, and I kept Silence; thou thoughtest
 " that I was altogether such an one as thy self, but I will reprove
 " thee, and set them in order before thine Eyes ——— Now con-
 " sider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in Pieces and their
 " be none to deliver ——— Whoso offereth Praise glorifieth me,
 " and to him that ordereth his Conversation aright, will I shew
 " the Salvation of God.

" Mr. DUNTON ——— I'm credibly inform'd, after
 " Madam B ——— had read the foregoing Verses to her
 " profane Son-in-law, she told him, that Part of that Scrip-

" ture belong'd to him, and bid him have a Care lest God
 " should say the same Things to him one Day, but—— so
 " impudent was he in profaning the Sabbath—— all the
 " while his Mother read the *PSALM* to him, he lay *Clapping*
 " *his Hand on his Back-side*, and bidding her *kiss it*, and even
 " *gnash'd his Teeth at her*, and *threw his Piss-Pot full in her Face*,
 " and said,—— *TAKE THAT YE OLD DEVIL*——
 " The reading the last eight Verses of the 50th *Psalms*, was
 " all his Wife's Mother either said or did to him, and yet
 " he rav'd and storm'd at that modest and pious Way of
 " correcting his Vices, calling her —— *A Fiend of Hell*——
 " adding, *such Fiends of Hell as she, must fry e'er long with De-*
 " *vils*—— After *R——dson* had acted this vile Prank
 " (as if he thought he cou'd never profane the Sabbath
 " enough) he said to his Wife's Mother—— *I know you*
 " *love to see a Man naked*; and upon saying those Words,
 " he uncover'd himself shamefully before her and the Maid,
 " but they both withdrew, upon which he bid his Wife go
 " into her Mother's Chamber, but she was no sooner there,
 " but he broke open his Mother's Chamber Door, and broke
 " two of her Pictures, and—— *sat down naked before her*——
 " and again told her—— *Such Fiends of Hell as she was*
 " *must fry e'er long in Hell*, and that *she must be tormented with*
 " *them*—— adding that she, his Wife, and Maid, were
 " —— *All damn'd confounded Bitches*.

" *R——dson's* profaning the Sabbath in this scanda-
 " lous and impudent Manner, flung his Wife's Mother
 " into a Fit of Sicknefs; that 'twas thought (by all her
 " Friends) wou'd have ended her Life, but she no sooner
 " recover'd enough to come down Stairs, but he several
 " times call'd her—— *Damn'd Bitch*, and *old Jezabel*, and
 " added he did believe she was a *Witch*—— and at the same
 " Time he reported that she call'd his own Mother——
 " *BURNT BITCH*—— (a Word she never heard in her
 " whole Life from any thing commonly civiliz'd, and is
 " a Word she abhors to mention) indeed when *R——dson*
 " call'd her so often—— *Damn'd Bitch*—— she reply'd
 " —— *Call your Irish Mother so, for I never brought a*
 " *Whelp to Town*—— Thus (*Mr. Dunton*) I have given
 " you a true Account—— in what daring and impu-
 " dent Manner, that *PREACHING WEATHERCOCK*
 " (*William R——dson*) profanes the Sabbath—— for I'm
 " credibly inform'd, he play'd all these vile Pranks on the
 " 16th Day of *March* last, being *Lord's Day*.

" I shall next proceed to give you, the black History of his
 " Conversation abroad as well as at home, which being a
 " *MEDLEY* of Vice, I shall here observe no Method in my
 " Discoveries, but (as I said before) relate things just as
 " they

they occur to Memory, and the first thing I shall here detect is—— *R——dson's Jealousy——* for Sir, (cou'd you think it) he is very Jealous of his truly kind and vertuous Wife, and without any manner of Reason, for she came of sober Parents, has had a pious Education, and was always well inclin'd: The first time he declar'd his Jealousy, his Wife went to him in a most obliging manner to kiss him, which (I'm told) he refus'd with saying to her at the same time, *I pray God forgive you that Wickedness you have been guilty of in making a Cuckold of me——* To which she reply'd—— *God that knows my Innocence judge between you and me——* and after uttering those Words, she went up into her Chamber, and fell into a bitter Agony, she being wholly innocent of his vile Charge; and tho' he asserts the contrary, yet his own Actions give the Lye to his Words, for he wou'd often partake of the Gentleman's Generosity (he was jealous of) and yet slander him behind his Back, which is a thing I abhor, but I don't wonder he shou'd be jealous of his Vertuous Wife, who is so loose in his own Conversation—— that he uses to go from her about *Thursday*, and not come home to her again, 'till *Monday* or *Tuesday* following, and it may be leave her a *Shilling* or *Eighteen Pence*, and neither Bread nor Meat, and she very ill, for finding how wretchedly she was marry'd, it soon seiz'd her Heart (as well as her Mothers), but that don't give him the least Disturbance, for his Wife lately complaining she wanted such and such a thing—— *The Devil take me*, said he, *if I buy it——* Nay, he has been so very base and cruel to his tender Wife, *that he lately squeez'd her great Belly, on Purpose to make her miscarry*, which she had done had she not sent for a skillful Midwife; so that as much as his Conscience KECKS, at (what he ignorantly calls) *Schism* amongst the Dissenters, he seems to have been an ORIGINAL in Wickedness (and the worst of Husbands) ever since his Conformity; and upon his Wives saying, If he continued his Unkindness to her, she'd complain of him to the Bishop of L—— (who ordain'd him); he reply'd, *I matter you not, you and the Bishop of L—— too, kiss my B——ch——* A Hopeful Son of the Church! A Rare Convert this! to treat that GRACIOUS HIGH PRIEST (a) that ordain'd him, with such Irreverence—— This is that *Canonica*

(a) In his Recantation Sermon he calls my Lord Bishop of L——, "A Gracious High Priest, who shews great Compassion toward the Ignorant, and on them that are out of the Way.

" Preacher——

" *Preacher*—— who tells the World in his *Recantation*
 " *White-Chappel*—— That he blesses God for that Satisfaction
 " and Peace of Mind that his Reconciliation to the Church has
 " given him; —— I can't say—— *What Satisfaction and*
 " *Peace of Mind*—— he may have in that wicked and
 " scandalous Life he has led ever since he left the Dissen-
 " ters; but I'll do him the Justice to say, he speaks Truth
 " (which he seldom does) when he says—— *He perfectly*
 " *hates a Dissenter* —— for his Wife can't say a Word
 " that he takes amiss, but his usual Reply is—— *Well I'll*
 " *lash the Dissenters next Sunday for this*—— And he's now
 " so zealous to persecute the Dissenters (*the Shortest Way*) that
 " he rails at 'em in every Sermon he preaches, and lately
 " said to a Friend of mine—— *That he hopes he shall live*
 " *to see all the Dissenters Books in England burnt by the Hands*
 " *of the common Hangman*—— And (they are now such
 " Hereticks with him) were it in his Power, 'twould be
 " well if their Persons escap'd, for he has gotten the Favour
 " of the Mob; so they speak for him because he is HIGH
 " CHURCH; but you see by his profaning the Lord's Day,
 " and vile Conversation abroad as well as at home how
 " much he has brighten'd the Dissenters Character by deser-
 " ting of them, and what little credit he has brought to
 " the Church of England, by conforming to it with so
 " much Fury (or pretended Zeal) but I need not enlarge in
 " his *Black Character*, for if you go to Mrs. *H*—— in
 " *Shadwell* (who he'd fain have debauch'd); or to Mrs. *White*
 " of *S*—— and they'll fully inform you what a *V*——n
 " he is—— I'm sure what ever good Opinion the High
 " Churchmen may have of him (because he rails so much at
 " Dissenters) he is a great *V*——n both to his Mother and
 " Wife, who by his Vile and unnatural Carriage he has
 " brought to CONVULSION FITS, and if they can no ways
 " quell him it will be sad, which they'll find the harder to
 " do, as he covers all with the Cloak of Religion and Zeal
 " for the Church; however the more effectually to reform
 " him, his Wife's Mother lately had him before Justice
 " HARTLY at the Bridge Foot, where she swore to his
 " Rakish Tricks, as —— *Breaking her Windows*—— *Abu-*
 " *sing his Wife*—— And threatening often to take away her own
 " Life—— after which the Justice made *R*——dson pro-
 " mise he wou'd go home with his Mother, and live quiet; so
 " so he is quiet yet, but how long it will last, I can't tell,
 " but if Madam *B*—— shou'd be provok'd to go again
 " to the Justice, he will hardly come off well. — I cou'd
 " say a Hundred Things more, but I am weary with Writ-
 " ing, so I shall reserve what further Discoveries I intend
 " to send, to another Opportunity, when expect the

The Preaching Weathercock.

III

LARGE JOURNAL I read to you, where you saw with your own Eyes all these SECRETS recorded which are Real Truths that I'll own at any Time, as I will whatever I discover'd to Mr. G—— concerning the Preaching Weathercock: ——— I am in the mean Time,

Your real Friend, and humble Servant.

J ——— K ———

Mr. Weathercock, " There is nothing (as the SPECTATOR observes), gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice. And sure I am, scarce any thing can render him more vile and scandalous, than that daring and common way of Sinning that the GRAVE MATRON charges you with in this long Letter, in which all the Discoveries are entirely hers, (as I'm able to prove by her own Letters) tho' in some Places I have put 'em in a New DRESS, to set the Discoveries in the clearer Light, but I haven't added or alter'd one Syllable in those vile Practices that she charges you with; and therefore I heartily wish the divulging of 'em may set you on—— *The Stool of Repentance*—— for I'm so truly your Friend, that all I drive in these Discoveries is to make your Amendment as publick as your Crimes; for as there is Joy in Heaven amongst the Angels when a Sinner repents, so there will be JOY upon Earth too, whenever the good News of your Reformation shall reach the Ears of your Mother and Wife, and the rest of our S——gate Friends: Repentance is a Plank you have yet left, on which you may swim to Shore, and how glad shall I be if my proving you a Leud Weathercock shou'd make you a serious and stedfast Preacher, and as unworthy the Instrument is, I have some hopes that the reading of this Paradox will make you a True Penitent; for you are charg'd with nothing in the Matron's Letters, or in these Sheets, but what I'm able to prove by several Living Witnesses, and by the Letters and Papers that were sent to me by the Reverend Mr. B—— Mr. G—— Mr. H—— and Madam K—— and other credible Persons; and for all HEARSAYS, I fairly report 'em as such, with that Tender Regard to your Reputation; that if you ANSWER my several Charges in my REPLY to you, I'll tell you my Author even to Hearsays, but shall take no Notice of any Pamphlet whatever, where the Grubstreet, Anonymous, or Rascaully Author (for they are generally Synonymous Terms) is ashamed to publish his own Name; for 'tis a Knavish Cowardice that strikes a Man in the Dark, and for that Reason I here attack you in my own Name, and if you'll be as Fair in your VINDICATION, this Literal War shall be carried on till the Thirty Two Points of your Weathercock Compass are all detected, for (as Olabam says) I wear my Pen as others do their Swords; and ask no other Quarter, but a clear Stage, i. e. (to use the Matrons Expression to Mr. H——) I ask nothing but

But Truth—— in the proving all I have charg'd you with; and *TRUTH* I'm sure to have in those *Witnesses and Letters* I have leave to produce you dare answer that *Fair and Honourable Challenge* I here send you.

I should here conclude *The Fourth Point of your Weathercock Compass*, with some *REMARKS* on your *Inconstant Sins* (or *MEDLET* you make in *Vice* on your profaning the Lord's Day; and upon your exposing your self stark Naked modest Women — but for want of Room I must reserve these Remarks to the Reader's Imagination, or at least to *The Second Part of the Preaching Weathercock*—— However I have said enough in this *First Part*, to present you *A UNIVERSAL TURNCOAT*; for in this *First Essay* I have largely shewn how your *Weathercock* turn'd in *Præ-existence*, *Conception*, *Infancy*, *Childhood*, *Youth*, *Manhood*, and how after you could write *MAN*, it turn'd round in *Vice* and *Error*; and when I have done shewing how your *Weathercock* turns in *Vice*, I shall next shew how it turns in *Religion*, where I shall prove you *Cant*, *Recant*, and *Re-Recant*, till (to prove you are no *Schismatic*) you have set your *Religion* and *Conscience* to all the *Points* of the *Compass*; but (for want of Room) I must reserve these *Discoveries* for the *Second Part of the Preaching Weathercock*, in which the World may expect my Remarks on the *Fourth Point of your Compass* (as 'twas detected by the *GRAVE MATRON* in her Letter inserted in P. 106.) your *Penitential Letter* to Dr. Williams as 'twas sent to me by a Gentleman that read it before 'twas sent to the Doctor (which I mention to clear the Doctor of having any Hand in its Publication) I resolve the World shall know what *A GOOD LOY* you promis'd to be if the Doctor and the other *Dissenting Ministers* would pardon all your past Offences, and receive you again into their good Opinion—— *O! good Doctor* pardon me this once, 'tis true Doctor, I have frequented *Pinner's Hall*, on Tuesday Lecture, but I promise to do so no more—— These are your own Words to Doctor Williams, with many *Weathercock-Cants* that will both surprise and divert the World, since by your late obtaining *Episcopal Ordination*, 'tis clear you have *Recanted* of your *Penitential Letter* to Dr. Williams and that you have repented of your late *Recantation* in *White-Chappel*, I shall prove by a credible Witness, in my *Second Part of the Preaching Weathercock*. I shall also insert in the *Second Part of my Preaching-Weathercock* a Specimen of your *Wit*, *Learning*, and *Casistical Divinity*, in your Answer to (Mrs. N——) a young Virgin that complain'd to you of the *Dissoluteness* of her Heart, being a Letter writ with your own Hand, and is such an odd Composition of gross Ignorance, *Embusastick Nonsense*, and false Spellings, has no Parallel in a Clergyman that has been twice ordain'd—— You may also expect (in the *Second Part of the Preaching Weathercock*) *A SECRETE QUET OF LETTERS*, all writ with your own Hand, upon several *Amusing and Trifling Subjects*. I shall also present your *Tory Friend* with *The Secret History of your Life*, as a *Dissenting Weathercock*, as 'twas deliver'd to me for *Real Truth* (by Mr. L——n, Mr. K——, and Mr. G——).

Or if 'tis False, be all agen unsaid,
(I'm not the first whom Error has misled:)
But if ought here incur just Condemnation,
I will with you Recant this Recantation.

But for want of Room these strange Discoveries must be all reserv'd for the *Second Part of the Preaching Weathercock*, which shall be publish'd in a few Weeks, if the *Theevish Printers* (who pirated my *Essay*, intitled *The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*, to the Tenth Edition) don't, to the Robbing of me, and Shamming the Publick, print this first Part of the *Preaching Weathercock* in a Book of Three Pence, to the discouragement of me in the finishing of it, as they did in my two Answers to Dean Ken and Dr. Sacheverel, intitled, *The Bull-Baiting*, and *Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*; which for that Reason were never yet completed, by

Your true Friend, and humble Servant

JOHN DUNTON
F I N I S.

